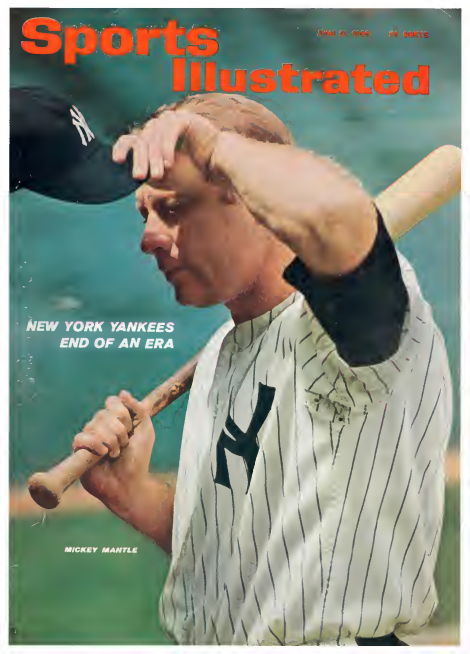


Sports Illustrated

A color photograph of Mickey Mantle, a New York Yankees player, in profile. He is wearing a white pinstriped Yankees uniform with a large black 'Y' on the chest. He is holding a wooden baseball bat across his back with both hands. His right hand is resting on his forehead, and he is looking down. The background is a blurred green field.

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END OF AN ERA**

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The Robinsons love horses. Family life centers around harness horses which Mr. Robinson breeds and trains.

PHOTO BY STEVEN HAZEN

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Next week

GOLF'S TOUGHEST tournament, the U.S. Open, is played in St. Louis over the longest course in its history. Alford Wright tells how it was won, and how the losers struggled.

THE FINEST CREWS in the country will vie for the IRA championship at Syracuse, but the best of all will not be in the race. A look at the fabulous Harvard eight and its coach.

THE GREAT WALL of Boston, a 37-foot-high fence in left field, is a delight to hitters, frightens pickers and hypnotizes the Red Sox into mediocrity. A report by Jack Mann.

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Certain people tend to appear on magazine covers over and over again, for the simple and obvious but vital reason that they are important to the field with which the magazine is concerned. In the 11 years that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has been publishing, Mickey Mantle of the New York Yankees has appeared on our cover seven times. That is more than any other ballplayer and a pretty good indication of the position he has maintained in baseball over the past decade, as a superstar in his own right and as the exemplification of his team, the Yankees. This week, unhappily, he symbolizes the beleaguered position in which the Yankees find themselves this

lete—at breakfast, at lunch, a dinner, over a sandwich after a night game; in small-town eateries and in plush restaurants in great cities; on movie sets, at motel openings, in hotel rooms; in hospital rooms, too (too many hospital rooms). We have covered him in trains and planes and buses and autos; on golf courses and driving ranges and at home while he practiced putts on the carpet with his small sons. We have covered him in dugouts and clubhouses and, most important of all, as he performed on the playing field in more than a thousand games—during spring training, during the regular season, in All-Star Games, in the World Series.

Almost everyone who has done a story on Mantle, like almost everyone who has played baseball with or against him, or who has come to know him off the field, has much the same feeling for him: a mingling of affection and awe. When Gerald Holland's story appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* in the spring of 1957 (left) at the peak of Mantle's career, just after he had won the American League Triple Crown by leading in batting, home runs and runs batted in, Casey Stengel said, "Why, they know him everywhere he goes and even in some places he doesn't go. They even know about him in North and South Dakota." In 1959 we wrote of him, "No one ever looked more like a great athlete." In 1960 we said, "He could bust .300." But in 1962, as all the injuries he had incurred over the years began to take their toll, we said, "When he swung and missed his legs would tremble like those of an old card table."

It is sad to see a great athlete near the end of his career, but in Mantle's case, and especially this season when his importance to the Yankees is so wrenchingly obvious, there is a quality of the heroic in the sadness. It is indeed the end of an era, and we will not see its like again.



ONE OF THE SEVEN MANTLE COVERS

season—hurting, losing, approaching the end of an era (page 20) of unparalleled superiority.

In past years we have been mostly, though not always, concerned with happier Mantle, and the list of writers, photographers and artists who have covered him for us is almost as long as the masthead on the righthand side of this page. We have covered Mantle in more ways than we have any other ath-

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BOOKTALK

The history of the Carlisle Indians is told by their progeny and idealistic founder

Richard Henry Pratt, who founded the Carlisle Indian School in 1879, completed his autobiography in 1923, but no publisher wanted to print it. One trouble was that General Pratt had been forgotten. A tough, old Civil War cavalryman, Pratt was a curious combination of an executive genius and an impractical visionary. If people remembered the Carlisle Indian School it was because of Jim Thorpe and other great Indian athletes, and Pratt had devoted only one chapter to them. There was only one line about Thorpe in the 600-page typescript.

Now published for the first time in a superb scholarly edition, however, General Pratt's *Battlefield and Classroom* (Yale University Press, \$8.50) stands out as a book that will be timely for a long time to come. Pratt was a 26-year-old second lieutenant leading untrained cavalrymen (mostly newly freed slaves) in the wild country of Oklahoma when his lifelong mission became clear to him. There were 25 Indian scouts on that first mission, and Pratt and his brother officers soon became impressed with their "intelligence, civilization and common sense," as well as with the rapid progress of the Negro troops. They decided that the U.S. Constitution implied equal rights. Confining Indians to reservations was wrong.

Eight years policing the frontier strengthened his conviction. In 1875 he conducted 72 Indian prisoners to St. Augustine, Fla., and was their jailer and teacher for three years. He managed to get the more adaptable placed in Negro colleges and used his success with them to promote Carlisle.

Pratt's account of persuading the Indians to send their children to Carlisle to learn the white man's ways is invaluable new history and sometimes great drama. "The white people are all thieves and liars," said Spotted Tail. "We do not want our children to learn such things." Pratt's real enemies, however, were anthropologists who glorified aboriginal values, and the agents of the Indian Bureau, who wanted to maintain the nearly unlimited control and coercion of the reservation system.

In the light of his revelations the record in sports of the Carlisle Indians becomes incredible except, perhaps, by the standards of a first-class medicine man. But their athletic triumphs came too late to help Pratt personally. Worn out by what he considered the insidious sabotage of the Indian Bureau, he denounced it openly in 1904. "Better, far better for the Indians," he said, "had there never been a Bureau." He was immediately retired from active duty, which took Carlisle out of his hands.

—ROBERT CANTWELL



Breakfast Italian style



The egg itself may be poached, fried, scrambled or boiled.

The wine must sparkle. With true Italian sparkle. The flavor must be natural. No sugar added to conceal an undeveloped grape.

Asti Gancia Spumante is such a wine.

Spumante tells you the wine is sparkling.

Asti tells you the grapes are grown in Italy's

lush northern vineyards.

Gancia tells you it is Italy's best-loved sparkling wine.

The first sip tells a lot more. Asti Gancia has all the lightness and gaiety of champagne. But without the price tag.

Next time you buy eggs, don't forget the Asti Gancia Spumante.

SPINNAKER RUN TO MYKONOS



"It may be we shall reach the Happy Isles and with the great Achilles, whom we love!" —TENNYSON

They have raced the wine-dark Aegean from Samos to Mykonos on the route of the ancient Greek triremes. The whine of the rigging rises above the shouts of the crew as the red yawl takes the lead, leaving a trail of multi-hued spinnakers in its wake. Victory in hand, the skipper relaxes and slowly lights his cigar. It is at times like this that men of action the world over seek the enjoyment and companionship of Gold Label—the internationally acclaimed cigar of superb aroma and masculine mildness. *Adventure with Gold Label anywhere in the world... it is worthy of the best times of your life.* CORONA DE VILLE 35¢... Alumipak of 3/\$1. Gradiaz Annis, Tampa, Florida.



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"Anyhow, George came up with a plan that would help supplement the income from my rental properties. It could mean I'd have enough cash to take care of my wife and five children.

I'd even be able to pay someone to replace me while I'm out."

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FERRARI 330P2

This Saturday at Le Mans:

Will the Italian wizard's newest creation

Shell guide to Le Mans

Place: Le Mans, France.

Time and Date: Race starts 4 p.m. (French time),
Saturday, June 19; ends 4 p.m., Sunday, June 20.

Winner: Car that has covered greatest distance at end
of 24 hours.

Length of course: 8.3 miles (one lap). Winning car
usually travels over 2800 miles.

Number of cars entered in race: Approximately 56.

Brand of motor oil used: Free choice (Both Ford and
Ferrari will use Shell.)



FORD GT

whip this tough-to-beat American?

Read the facts about these two famous Shell customers and see what you think.

Are the odds still on the old favorite, Ferrari? Four months ago racing experts would have said "Yes." After all, he'd won 14 world championships. And 5 straight Le Mans races.

What's more, no major American auto manufacturer had ever won in international racing competition.

But that was four months ago. Before the first important international race of the season, where the new Ford GT won—ahead of Ferrari. And before the Sebring Endurance Race, where Ford took Ferrari again.

Now Enzo Ferrari is out to beat Ford at the famous Le Mans race. And now

he's got a new car: the 330P2.

It packs a new 4 cam, 12 cylinder engine. At a practice trial, the 330P2 broke the Le Mans lap record—set by the Ford GT.

The new 330P2 will use the same brand of motor oil that Enzo Ferrari has always specified for his cars: Shell.

This is Ford's second year of international racing. They started with Shell oil. And they're staying with Shell oil.

The Shell motor oils that Ford and Ferrari use are designed to meet special

problems not found in normal driving. But the same rigid standards of quality that go into these oils go into the 3 kinds of oil you can buy at any Shell station.

Your Shell dealer will be glad to help you choose the one that's right for your car. See him soon.



One of these three oils is ideal for your car, your climate, even your driving habits. Your Shell dealer will help you choose the right one.



When there's no man around...Goodyear should be.

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Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



Should you drink beer straight from the bottle?

Some people say they like their beer right from the bottle or can. No glass, please.

Well, that's okay for a fishing trip or something . . . when carrying along a glass is pretty clumsy. But when a glass *is* convenient, we think it's a shame not to use it. Keeping Budweiser *inside* that brown bottle is missing half the fun.

See for yourself. Open a bottle of Bud and let it go tumbling into a glass. The natural carbonation will kick up a clean, white head of foam. And notice the lively bubbles as they keep streaming up to the top. They let that famous King-of-Beers aroma get through to you.

Now hold your glass up to the light. See how clear and brilliant it is? Our exclusive Beechwood Ageing has a lot to do with *that*. We go to a lot of trouble to brew a beer that performs like this. So you can't really blame us for wanting you to get it at its best, can you?

Just for fun, pour your next four or five bottles of Bud into a glass. If you don't agree that the extra taste, clarity and aroma make a big difference, go back to the bottle.

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SCORECARD

JOB OPENING

It is an unfortunate fact of our imperfect world that man's best acts often stem from the worst reasons. Last week, in the wake of the generally misunderstood Clay-Lisson fight, Senator Philip Hart of Michigan reintroduced a boxing bill authored by the late Senator Estes Kefauver and proclaimed that "this bill represents boxing's last chance."

We think Senator Hart is overstating the importance of his bill, whatever its merit. Boxing is attractive to large numbers of people around the globe, and it will likely persist, with or without further law. Even in the U.S.S.R., where officials have tried to sterilize the sport out of existence with an overdose of regulations, boxing thrives. Whether Senator Hart's bill passes or not, the sport will continue. U.S. promoters would, if necessary, stage bouts in outer space.

Is the Hart-Kefauver bill best for boxing? In essence, the measure requires federal licensing of fighters, managers and promoters and provides for a federal commissioner who is empowered to establish rules, to suspend or revoke licenses, to survey contracts and to call in the FBI when the smell gets bad. It seems judicially sound, and there is no doubt that, like the federal gambling law of a few years back, it would drive some crooks from the scene. The bill also could bring order out of the chaos of state regulatory bodies.

Boxing has always been a sport for individualists, and there is the possibility that a strong commissioner would make faceless nonentities of its more colorful people—and that would be a loss. But the public is discontent. Monopolistic practices—particularly the return-bout clauses that have stifled competition—are undesirable, and so perhaps the time has come for some national control.

The crux of the matter, it seems to us, will be the choice of the czar. It would be best if he were elected by the sport itself, but in any event he should be strong, have a knowledge of boxing and law, be beholden to nobody in boxing

or politics and withal have a sympathy for the loners, the oddballs and dedicated nonconformists who, like them or not, are the stuff of which boxing is made. We do not know a man who fits our description of the czar—he may not exist—but if you find him, Senator Hart, we will be all for you.

THE PEACEMAKER

When they have nothing to do, gorillas in a zoo become irritable and start bashing one another. The way to keep peace among the great apes is to entertain them, and that is not easy. Toss a basketball into a gorilla cage, and they will bat it around for a while, then chew it up. An automobile tire survives far better, but after a few days of biting into a tire and pummeling it, gorillas usually lose interest. After trying a variety of diversions, New York's Bronx Zoo has come up with a solution. In foul weather, when its four older gorillas cannot be outdoors watching people, the zoo lets them watch television.

After trying TV for the past five months, the zoo has found that cartoons and rough-house westerns are preferred by gorillas, but even these action-packed programs are not surefire pacifiers. For example, Pilipili, a restless adolescent male of eight years, often sits for a half hour, head in hands, rapily watching TV, but the old jungle blood is still in him. In the middle of a good program, for no apparent reason, Pilipili sometimes gets up, stalks over to the female sharing his cage and belts her one. Then he shuffles back and settles again before the big, magic eye.

AGAINST ALL ODDS

Ken Venturi's defense of his U.S. Open championship this week will have a special poignancy. Much has been written about the circulatory ailment that has caused the fingers of his right hand to go numb, and about his determination to keep playing in spite of this deteriorating condition. But insiders on the pro tour know that Venturi has been going through more anguish than he has

admitted. Cortisone was prescribed for his ailment, and the drug has had some chilling side effects. He has developed an annoying and terribly painful case of acne on his back and has been suffering from hallucinations. Last Monday, while driving Mike Souchak and Dave Marr to Cleveland after giving a golf clinic in Akron, Venturi suddenly believed that somebody was in the car attacking the other golfers. He managed to stop the car, and the moment passed.

Venturi is understandably reticent about these things. But last weekend, at the Cleveland Open, he had to smear his hand with sticky, brown tincture of benzoin to keep some kind of grip on the club. As he left Cleveland for the U.S. Open all he was saying was: "Come hell or high water, I'll play in St. Louis. I'll tee it up. You always want to defend your titles."

Ken Venturi's victory in last year's U.S. Open was memorable because of his courage. Now, one year later, he is displaying even more of that quality.

ILLEGAL NAT TRICK

Technology has been moving in on the sport world at a pretty pace. In recent years radios have been installed on quarterbacks and swimmers have been wired



to see how much they are putting out. Now even the horse show ring, last stronghold of Edwardian elegance and honor, seems to be threatened by crass electronics.

By tradition, professional horse trainers at ringside have always been allowed to slip an occasional word of advice to-

to race to exhibitors showing horses in the ring. But now Albert Hall Jr., president of the American Horse Show Association, reveals with despair, "We have reports that exhibitors with radios in their hats are receiving instructions from the sidelines. What next?"

We can guess what next. There may well come a day when not only the exhibitors' hats, but also the horses' ears will have to be searched for concealed radios. Any trainer sneaky enough to coach an exhibitor by radio sooner or later is going to want to talk to the horse direct.

KENNEBUNKPORT LEADS THE WAY

Spurred on by President Johnson, communities all across the nation are on a cleanliness kick. Right now, without much doubt, the tidy coastal town of Kennebunkport, Maine, is a giant step ahead of the rest. While other towns are cleaning up highways, slums and industrial filth, in Kennebunkport the big action is out at the city dump.

As dumps go, Kennebunkport's is decent enough. It merely happens that the President of the Dump Association, Edward Mayo, is one of those live wires who will not rest, or let anybody else rest, if there is so much as a package of trash discarded in the wrong place or a single rat loose on the premises. As Mayo sees it, the dump is as much a part of a community as the town hall, post office or Elks Club; it should be a place that people want to visit. Matter of fact, on pleasant summer Sundays Mayo serves refreshments at the dump and a good number of people show up.

Mayo looks to the day when municipal dumps all over the U.S. will become objects of civic pride. He's a real dreamer, that Mayo.

DOWN BUT NOT OUT

For 32 years the Offenhauser engine, the epitome of simple, brute power, dominated the Indianapolis 500. This year, after a Ford-powered car won and Ford took seven of the first 10 places, there were rumors—and, in fact, published reports—that Lou Meyer, manufacturer of the Offy engine, was ready to call it quits.

Not so, says Meyer. He feels there is still virtue in the design, particularly since the Indy officials may have to reduce the cylinder displacement as the cars keep going faster. If there is a reduction in displacement, then the smaller Offy engines currently used on the midjet

circuit might become just the thing for the big show at the Brackyard. Whatever the future brings, Meyer has few worries. These days he leads a happy double life as manufacturer of Offys and as sales agent of the new, winning Fords.

A DOG'S LIFE

In the five years since he was a stumbling pup, Sinbad, a red-and-white cocker spaniel of Waukegan, Ill. has led a busy and rewarding life. Sinbad is a champion in his own right—he won best-in-show at the American Spaniel Club meeting in New York in 1963—and his association with nearly 200 prize bitches has already earned him around \$13,000 in stud fees, more than most career dogs make in a lifetime. Among cockers, Sinbad is indisputably first father, having sired 65 champions in all, and his 25 champions in 1964 are more than any dog of any breed has sired in a year.

Last weekend Sinbad took off by jet for Caracas, there to meet a bitch named Denise, owned by a Venezuelan doctor. It's strictly a business trip for Sinbad. He gets all expenses and \$150 for his services. Although Sinbad has now joined the jet set, his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winder of Waukegan, doubt if it will turn his head. Despite the demands on him, in his off hours Sinbad has always been a decent sort, a trifle aloof to strangers, perhaps, but a real palsy tailwagger among friends.

EXPANDING MARKET

The sport of lacrosse is booming, and the Indians on Cornwall Island in the St. Lawrence River are rejoicing. The Indians on Cornwall provide 90% of the world's lacrosse sticks. In addition to supplying Canada and the U.S., the Cornwall stickmakers are now filling orders from hotbeds of lacrosse such as Australia, Ireland and Hong Kong as well as from new centers like Mexico, Switzerland and Italy.

Until this year 30 Indians working for the Chisholm Lacrosse Manufacturing Company on Cornwall Island could meet the demand. Now 48 are working full time, and they will turn out somewhere around 30,000 sticks before the year is done. Lacrosse sticks are handmade; no way has been devised to speed up the process of shaping a hickory frame and fastening a net of gut or leather to it. The Indians have tried mass-produced aluminum frames, but players would not go for them. When elaborating each other in the heat of play, as they

continued

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SCORECARD continued

are wont to do, lacrosse players feel there is nothing like a good hackory stick fashioned by Indians as of yore.

FALLEN HERO

Skateboarding, the ever-growing rage, has just received a solid setback at SMU. After several football players skinned themselves up, SMU's offensive end, Mike Tabor, gave skateboarding a try and, in a tricky turn, crashed to the pavement. He now has a cast on his left leg and a screw in his ankle and may miss the opening game next fall. On orders from Coach Hayden Fry, the entire SMU squad, 80 strong, has given up the dangerous sidewalk sport.

THE WINNING HAND

As postmortems go, the second Clay-Liston fight may prove to be every bit as popular as the Bay of Pigs. We offer here a post postmortem from that boxing-wise former manager of former Champion Floyd Patterson, Cus D'Amato, who saw Clay's short right land on Liston's jaw (SI, June 7) but has had trouble explaining its potency. Belatedly, however, Cus has discovered something that he feels puts the issue finally to rest.

While studying photographs of the fight, D'Amato realized that Clay and Liston were using Frager gloves rather than Everlasts, the make generally used in title matches. The Fragers, like the Everlasts, weigh eight ounces as required, but they are padded differently. Comparatively speaking, the Everlasts are pillowed across the knuckles, while the Fragers are squared off and flattened across the knuckles. In the Frager, quite simply, there is less to cushion a hard hand when it reaches the mark. And not even Liston—who later remarked on the power of Clay's punch—ever denied that it reached the mark.

THEY SAID IT

- Minnesota Football Coach Murray Warmath, on Notre Dame's aggressive recruiting: "When you're up against mother, the padre and Ara, the boy is going to Notre Dame."
- Al (Cotton) Farmer, Fort Worth racing driver and ex-odeo performer, asked which of the two sports is more dangerous: "When you get a car on top of you, you just lie there and somebody comes to pick you up, but you get a bull on top of you and you've still gotta outrun the bull to the fence."

END

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DECLINE AND FALL OF A

Charlie Metro, who coaches for the Chicago White Sox, is a shade under 6 feet tall. He didn't feel that big back in 1947-49, when he managed would-be New York Yankees in outposts like Bisbee, Ariz. and Twin Falls, Idaho. "It seemed in those days like I always was the smallest guy in uniform," he says. "But I've been scouting the minor leagues the last two years and the Yanks have about the same size players now as anybody else."

He was not suggesting that the Yanks looked like kids, as some of them acted in that airport wassail two weeks ago. Metro has spent too many years on the road to raise an eyebrow when a ball-player raises a glass. And didn't General Manager Ralph Houk imply that they were free to get stoned as long as they didn't make a public issue of it?

Metro meant that the Yankees in battle array are suddenly no larger than life,

and they are strange to behold in their present humble estate: just another good baseball team, certainly much better than their current second-division standing, but debilitated by age, crippled by injury and vulnerable to attack because their unwonted uncertainty makes them prone to manual and cerebral error.

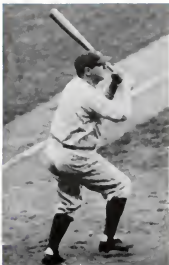
The Yankees, like a fine old horse going on class and guts, may struggle home in third place, as they did after stumbling starts in 1940 and again in 1959. They could even, by a stretch of the imagination, win the pennant and the season would be saved. But the era—29 pennants and 20 World Championships in 44 years—would still be over. The Yankees will win again, maybe next year, but probably never again will they, or any team, dominate. Send not to ask what happened to the Yankees. It has happened to baseball.

"Once they could go to Newark for



New order came to baseball in 1921, when Melar Huggins managed the Yankees to their first pennant. He won five more and three world championships, before his death in 1929, to set the standard of an era.

New horizons for baseball were established by Babe Ruth, who was built for Yankee Stadium and vice versa. The man who made home runs fashionable watched his historic No. 60 go into the seats.



DYNASTY

A 44-year saga of power and glory is ending for the New York Yankees because their once perennial fountainhead of talent has slowed to a trickle. The reasons for it all go beyond what the average fan can see **by JACK MANN**

players," says Tommy Henrich. "Now they look to Columbus, Ga., so-called Double-A." Look, perhaps, but they do not find. Horace Clarke, Ray Barker and Doc Edwards, the incomplete ball-players the Yankees used to fust off on the have-nots, are the reinforcements of 1965. There is no wave of the future, like the Rizzutos, Lindells, Billy Johnsons and Ernie Bostams waiting in the wings when they had that bad season in 1940, or the Boutons, Pepstones and Treshes laboring in the vineyards in 1959.

"They need four or five new men," says Ed Lopat, "and they just don't have them."

There's something else the Yankees no longer have. It has been fashionable expertise over the years to point out the Yanks' snug defense, their bench, the crafty pitching and the overall team effort. "When one guy was down," says Bill Skowron, who played on seven Yan-

kee pennant winners before he was traded in 1962, "a couple of others would pick him up. But we was never as banged up as they are this year." They was never without a superstar, either. Lou Gehrig minded the store in the brief hiatus between Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio, and Mickey Mantle (*see cover*) arrived the year DiMaggio was finishing up. In baseball they call it "the big guy," and the Yankees have always had one, at least since 1920.

"I ain't underrating Elston Howard," says Billy Martin, "but there were years they wouldn't have won the pennant with five Howards if they didn't have Mickey." Mantle, the one-man orthopedic ward, is even more a symbol of the Yankees in crisis than he was in their predominance. He plays on, on agonized legs that would keep a clerk in bed, and the opposition wonders how. "He's hurting worse than ever," says John Blan-

chard, banished by the Yankees to Kansas City, "but he won't admit it."

"I don't see how the heck he can keep going," says Baltimore's Norm Siebern, another ex-Yankee. "It has to be his last year," an American League manager concluded after watching the 33-year-old Mantle for the first time this season. "He can't go on that way."

Following the Yankees these days is like watching a cowboys and Indians movie in which the bugle sounds but the cavalry never quite arrives. It is superstar time, but there is no superstar. "All they need," says Indians' Manager Birdie Tebbets, in magnificent understatement, "is one great player. If there isn't anyone, then the Yankees have to worry."

"The next Yankee star," says Johnny Johnson, director of the Yankee farm system, "is Roger Repoz. There's no question about that." And no question, therefore, that the Yankees have to wor-

continued



Eclipsed first by Ruth (crossing plate) and then Joe DiMaggio, Lou Gehrig (4) was a supersensory superstar, the kind capable of "carrying" a team the way the Yankees badly need to be carried today.

Defensive skill, as exemplified by the 1936 infield of Gehrig (10), Tony Lazzeri (20), Mark Koenig (22), and Joe Dugan (30), has always gone hand in hand with the Yankees' power hitting and pitching superiority. Now, with the offense splintering and the pitching thin, the defense is more essential to the Yankees than ever before.



ry. Repoz, a left-handed outfielder playing in Toledo, will be 25 in August. He is hitting over .300 and has some power (23 home runs at Columbus last year) but hardly seems cast in a heroic mold. Had he even threatened to be a star, the Yankees could have used him in May, when Mantle and Roger Maris were incapacitated.

"Their farm system isn't what it used to be," says Orioles' Manager Hank Bauer. "They used to go right to a farm club when they were in trouble."

"Well, we don't have the quality of player we used to have," Johnson admits. "But neither does anyone else, because it just isn't there anymore. For one thing, we find kids are getting married younger, some of them at 18. They give baseball a year or two shot, and if they haven't made the big leagues by then they want to quit; their wives are putting pressure on them to make more money. Before the war not very many people went to college. Now almost everybody does, or everybody who's able. Baseball isn't much in college, so very few get to play and the others lose interest, or find other interests. They find out there's better money in industry. They all want security, or their wives do."

"These days," says Joe Brown, general

manager of the Pirates, "everybody is security-conscious. A boy takes a job and his first question is, 'What is your pension plan?' Five years in the big leagues and you can get a pension. The boys are all aware of that, so they don't care any more whether they play for the Yankees; they just want five years in the big leagues and the pension."

So the times have changed baseball. But shouldn't the computer-efficient Yankees, with the most money, claiming the most refined farm system and the most discerning scouts, have been affected least of any club in baseball? "In running a ball club," says Cleveland Indians' General Manager Gabe Paul, "we all make mistakes. And sometimes it takes a long time to catch up. An awful long time."

The concept of strategic error by Yankee management is either difficult to assimilate or just plain funny, depending on your point of view. But Yankee haters do not fully appreciate the situation unless they recognize the two exquisite ironies that have helped reduce the mighty Yankees to the embarrassment of parity in the flesh market with such upstart organizations as the Los Angeles Angels and (ooh, do we worry!) the New York Mets. ("Parity" with the Mets may

be a compliment to the Yankees. The Nielsen television ratings for the first three weeks of May had the Mets running in front of the Yanks, 443,000 sets to 270,000. Nobody pays attention to the TV ratings except sponsors, but Shea Stadium attendance—387,000 ahead of the Yankees—continues to exhibit live evidence of New York's interest. The Mets must be doing something right.)

First irony: the Yankees overestimated their own prestige and tripped over their own dignity in haughtily abstaining from the vulgar rat race for bonus players in the late 1950s. This policy, as suggested by Gabe Paul, may have set the Yankees back five years ("an awful long time") in the heightening competition for diminishing talent.

Second irony: the new free-agent draft and the unrestricted draft of minor-leaguers (the best bonus rule the other owners could think of as a defense against the under-the-table ethics they were using on each other) punishes the Yankees for what they hadn't done in the first irony.

"We never went in big for bonus boys," says Johnny Johnson, and he says it proudly. Then, angrily: "The free-agent draft was aimed at us, and the Dodgers—the teams with money. The unrestricted



"Pushbutton" manager, they called Joe McCarthy in the 1930s, when the Yankees overwhelmed the league and made it seem easy. When "too many" Yanks were named to the 1943 All-Stars, he benched them all—and won anyway.

McCarthy's Yankees overwhelmed the National League, too. Below, Joe Gordon (summoned from the farm system when Lerner slowed up) slides home to score in the homering sweep of the Cincinnati Reds in the 1928 World Series.



ed draft will hurt even more; it takes away our strong suit, scouting." Bitterly: "They say this rule is a great leveler. We'll see how they like it. We'll see if legislation can win pennants." Determinedly: "But we'll live with it. We'll get the edge, the way we always have: with superior scouting."

"The myth," says Birdie Tebbets, a Yankee chaser for a good part of the past 30 years, "is that you put a Yankee uniform on a player and he becomes great. But you have to put the right player in the uniform, and the Yankees are having trouble getting that kind of player, because the other clubs are building themselves up."

The Clark Kent theory of the Yankee uniform has been shattered, but Tebbets is late with his conclusion. There came a time in the late 1950s when it was not so great to be young and a Yankee; you got a pinstripe uniform and all the tradition you could eat, but the other kids were getting money—important money.

"The Yankees didn't feel it was necessary for them to compete in the bonus situation," Gabe Paul says. "During that period they didn't produce the reservoir of talent they might have. Then, when they got to where they felt they might go into the bonus market, it was too late.

That vicious first-year rule was in, and it precluded a buildup of talent by any club."

The first-year rule was another clumsy attempt to curb bonus cheating. It allowed teams to sign bonus players, but required that they be kept on the roster of the parent club for the first year or be subject to draft. For the next three years they could be optioned to the minor leagues, like other players.

The rules passed at the major league meeting last December are even more restrictive. Next to last in the reverse order of the free-agent draft, the Yankees had the 19th choice, 39th, 57th, etc. In a bumper crop of college kids, there might be two dozen really worth signing, which would give the Yankees one.

Next December comes the unrestricted draft of minor-leaguers. Of the 154 players the Yankees had under contract before the free-agent draft on June 7, plus "about" 40 to come, they can "protect" exactly 40 by naming them to the "big" (major league) roster. The rest would be subject to draft. If Yankee scouting was as good as Johnson insists it still is, their farms would be sharecroppers in the service of 19 other big-league teams. The Yankees, of course, could pick over the other teams' multitude of rejects, hoping

that they, too, would be good scouts.

The free-agent draft probably won't last long, not because Dodger President Walter O'Malley has pronounced it socialist (i.e., not beneficial to O'Malley), but because it is very likely unconstitutional. Baseball's reserve clause, binding players to one team for life, has always been of dubious constitutionality, but at least kids used to have a choice of which team they'd be bound to. With the free-agent draft, if No. 1 choice Rick Monday of Arizona State didn't like the money Kansas City offered him, he didn't have to take it. He didn't have to play, either. He could sue, of course, and somebody's daddy will.

There was nothing, of course, to stop the Yankees from loading their checkbook and charging into the bonus battle of the 1950s. Nothing, that is, except policy, and policy is a big thing with the Yankees. When the Braves, Dodgers and Orioles were bestowing financial independence on pumped youth from coast to coast, the Yanks contented themselves with a Frank Lepi here and a Tom Carroll there; nobody could say they weren't paying any bonuses. But the emphasis was on the farm system. It had always produced before and, damn it, it always would. Ed Barrow, general man-

continued



Joe DiMaggio (left), as nearly flawless as a baseball player has ever been, triples against the Cleveland Indians. The Indians stopped DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak in 1941, but not until it had regenerated the Yankees after their unaccountable third-place "collapse" of the year before.

The back of the Whistler box in 1937 displayed the high kick of Lefty Gomez (left) shown with Red Ruffing as they prepared to whip the Giants again in the World Series. Gomez didn't last as long with the Yankees as Ruffing did, but the Spud Chandler and Ernie Banks were on the way up.



ager until 1946, had planned the seeds, but George Weiss, his chief farmer, had cultivated and harvested them. Weiss was now the general manager and the farm system was his policy.

Weiss is the president of the Mets now, but with a couple of drinks aboard he probably wouldn't talk about Ron Swoboda, or even about the Yankees. He'd tell you about the good old days in Newark. They were great old days, hard to imagine if you weren't around then and hard to forget if you were. Hank Bauer wasn't around. "There is just no way," he said last week, "to replace guys like Mantle, Mays and Howard." Al Lopez was around. "It wasn't long ago," he says, "when the Yankees not only had the best team in this league, but the best two teams in the minors." The Yankees of 1938—perhaps not the strongest team of all time but certainly the strongest organization—never needed help. But if they had had to replace Joe DiMaggio, Tommy Henrich and Bill Dickey, Weiss could have sent Jimmy Gleason (.310), Charlie Keller (.365) and Buddy Rosar (.387) across the Hudson River from Newark. At Kansas City, with a pitcher like Ernie Bonham and a second-base combination like Eddie Miller and Eddie Joost, the Yankees had still another farm

team that would have been much more than the Mets could handle. The Millers, Joosts, Merrill Mays and Joe Beggies, big-leaguers all, were peddled away, because the Yankees literally had more players than they knew what to do with. The ultimate refinement of the farm system had been attained; it worked perfectly. It was enough to congeal a man's thinking.

But it was 1938, in a nation emerging from a Depression. Minor league pay was a pittance, but it beat the CCC camps and it was easier to swing a bat than an ax. "The Yankees used to keep a player in the minors for as many years as necessary," says Billy Martin. "You can't do that anymore." The rules won't let you, and neither will the player.

It was a little harder to keep them down on the farm after World War II, when the G.I. Bill of Rights began to convert second basemen into certified public accountants. Within a few more years television took over. Watching Joe DiMaggio in the living room became more attractive, or at least easier, than paying to see Double-A baseball (which was Double-A by then only because the classifications had been raised). Minor leagues began to fold.

Still the Yankee system worked. The

Bobby Browns and Hank Bauers were followed by Gil McDougalds and Andy Carey. The cast kept changing, but there was always somebody to do the job. "When I was with them," says Martin, "we had a better team on the bench than other clubs had on the field."

To keep that kind of bench, of course, it was frequently necessary to take the rubber band off the bankroll. Johnny Mize and Johnny Hopp came in handy, and Johnny Sam was worth two pennants. But nobody could see any distinction of the farm system because they kept coming: Richardson and Kubek, Tresh and Bouton. Strange names kept creeping in from time to time. Dickson, DeMaestri, Hale. But nobody paid much attention until this year, when suddenly there just wasn't anybody.

American League managers, including Lopez, run and hide in an iffy thicket when asked if they think the Yanks can scramble buck into the race this year. "Everybody's brave when those guys are in the hospital," says Bill Rigney of the Angels. "I want to hear that kind of talk when they get out."

"When those guys get well," says Bauer, "they'll be heard from."

"They never cried for us," says Sam Mele of the Minnesota Twins, "and you



"What good is it," Casey Stengel still asks, "if you don't have the players that can execute?" He applied his then-new platoon system to the injury-ridden Yanks of 1949. His first season as manager and they executed splendidly. (Right) They celebrated their pennant-clinching victory over the Red Sox on the final day of the season. Stengel would win two more pennants and seven World Series before he was "top old."



can bet your tail we're not crying for them. Give them a healthy Mantle, Maris and Howard and they're still the team to beat."

On the other hand, Ed Short, White Sox general manager, who writes the lyrics for Lopez' annual the-Yankees-can-be-had song, sees long-range troubles for the Yankees. "We have six or seven guys at Indianapolis who could help us if we get in trouble," he says. "I doubt that the Yankees could get that kind of help from their farm system." Short points out that White Sox farm clubs, and Baltimore's as well, have finished higher in the standings the past few years than the Yankees', but Johnson says such comparisons have no validity. He and Ralph Houk insist that the Yankees have "our share" of talent in the minors, even though it is not readily evident.

"Two of our clubs are leading their leagues," Johnson argues. "But standings don't mean much because some teams have a lot of older guys on the way down, like Tom Umphlett, playing in the Southern League. We have the youngest average age in that league. We emphasize youth. We like to win, but the purpose of the system is to develop prospects."

First you must find the prospects, and there, in Gabe Paul's opinion, is where the Yankees were hurt most in the past decade. "The death of men like Paul Krichell, Joe Devine and Bob Connelly would hurt any organization," he says. "They were great scouts, and scouts make you a genius or a bum. If the Yankees had had those men during that period when they were not in the big-bonus competition they might have come through it all right. They have a great tradition, a great heritage, but how much it means depends on the scout and his selling ability. It's a plus, but it takes a good man to bring it home. Their good scouts took advantage of it."

There is one area in which Paul believes the Yankees have improved: ownership. "I voted for the sale to CBS," he says, "frankly because I thought they would be easier to get along with than the previous administration. I thought they would vote for things that would be good for the game, not just the Yankees. I don't think CBS, from a public-relations standpoint, can afford to take positions the Yankees have taken over the years. The Yankees just didn't contribute to the betterment of the game when they had great opportunities to do so."

Except for enemy runners commiserat-

ing with Yankee infielders in small-talk visits on the bases, Paul's condolence for the departed scouts is the only sympathy the Yankees get. American Leaguers haven't yet become accustomed to life-size Yankees, but they think they're going to like it that way.

"The poor Yankees," says Tebbetts. "Everybody asks whether the Yankees can come back. Where have they gone? Here's the big difference: there are no more patsies in this league. So now the Yankees have to play stand-up baseball. They have to look us in the eye."

"Nothing happened to them that hasn't happened to any other club," says Charlie Metro. "A lot of guys got old at once. I don't know whether it was the change in management or what, but I said three or four years ago that the Yankees didn't have the material they used to have in the minors. The power isn't there any more. They're going to have to scrounge for a run, like the rest of us. They don't scare you anymore."

Then Metro looks across the batting cage at the pinstripe suits and adds, "They do frighten you a little, though."

"Scare," says Webster's, is less dignified than "frighten." The era is ended, but the dignity lingers on. Except, occasionally, in an airport bar.

END

Joe Gordon could be replaced, as he was traded in 1946 for Alie Reynolds (below), who pitched the Yankees to six pennants and an unprecedented five consecutive world championships. Reynolds is giving the double-O sign for his two no-hitters during 1951.

A pitcher like Don Larsen (right) might be a 30-game loser in Baltimore, but the pinstriped suit made him a winner. He acknowledges greetings from exuberant Yogi Berra after the ultimate: a perfect game against the Brooklyn Dodgers in the 1955 World Series.



THE BIG THREE ARE MILES APART

France's Michel Jazy, who set records in the mile and 5,000 meters last week, prefers racing the clock at home to meeting tough foreign competitors like Peter Snell and distance man Ron Clarke

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Michel Jazy, that famous French recluse, ran a mile in 3:53.6 last week, an astounding achievement even for a man who has taken on some of the finest clocks in the world. When they heard of this world record in Toronto, Peter Snell of New Zealand and Ron Clarke of Australia indicated they would like to get at Jazy in the worst way. The expectation, therefore, was that Jazy would now go on vacation for a month. He races the best clocks, not the best people.

Snell especially is eager for a meeting with Jazy because, until the word trickled out of France by radio, television, telephone, newspaper, special courier, wire service, pony express and Frenchmen shouting across the Channel as loud as they could that Jazy had done this thing, Snell was suffering from the funk a great competitor naturally falls into when he has reason to believe that he has run out of competition. He was, as it turned out, unnecessarily concerned. Not only did Jazy lower Snell's mile record, Canada's Bill Crothers beat him in the 880 not many hours after he had learned of the first disaster. Ron Clarke, who has become the best distance runner in the world, fared better. He won his three mile race in Toronto and he has a higher regard for Jazy—whom he has met and considers very much a part of the international running scene—than does Snell. But Clarke, too, would like to meet the Frenchman *mano a mano* again.

The incidents that brought all this ardor to a head—not active, eyes-flashing, shoe-pounding ardor, you understand, but that understated, tight-smile, outback-Bush kind that is more ominous—occurred over a 48-hour period and some 3,200 miles apart. For the awesome, black-shirted Peter Snell, winner of three Olympic gold medals, it was one of those two-day adventures a

man might wish himself into if the alternatives were a snowslide or a flaming warehouse. Snell, at 26, with no more heads to break, is committed to a retirement schedule that takes him through July. He was in Canada with Clarke for a meet with a strong international field, the kind Jazy does not ordinarily mix in, and was off seeing Niagara Falls on Wednesday when Jazy and three co-conspirators—his pacers—got together in Rennes on a cool night on a track surrounded by weeping willows. "Well orchestrated" was a way to describe Jazy's mile run, but when he finished he was convinced he had not beaten Snell's record (3:54.1). So he complained, prematurely, "This track is rotten." The promoters, he intimated, had not handled things right although he had forewarned them that he would "attempt a great coup in Rennes." Then the announcer exploded, "Three minutes fifty-three-and-six-tenths seconds, a new world record." And Jazy jumped about like a madman, hugging and kissing his teammates and shouting, "Let the party continue!"

The French have been predicting that Jazy would do this thing for years. He has been a hero—taunted, boasted, glass-enclosed—since the end of the '50s, when it became evident he was the first Gallic distance runner since Jules Ladoumègue who could run a thousand yards without oxygen. Ladoumègue held the mile record 34 years ago. Deceitfully, a French carnation was named for Jazy—a nonwilted, bright-red specimen. For he is a fine runner, an excellent runner—perhaps anyone's equal.

If Jazy has a fault, it is that he is not naturally blessed with the equanimity of a Snell or a Clarke. Defeats are not deficits, they are national tragedies. Once when he lost in a little town in the southwest of France, he raged. "I thought I had been invited to give an exhibition,"



The elusive Jazy finishes all alone as he breaks Peter Snell's world mile record.

he said. "Instead it was a fierce fight. ... Had I known I would never have come." All his records—the latest, a European record for the 5,000 meters set two days after the mile mark—have been set in France, mostly among friends. He has run against the world's best, but almost always he has lost the important race. At the Rome Olympics in 1960, he was second to Herb Elliott at 1,500 meters. In 1962 he lost to America's Jim Beatty at a mile in his only U.S. appearance. At Tokyo, where he moved up to 5,000 meters because of the competition at 1,500 (Snell), he was fourth to America's Bob Schul. The loss there was like "a strike of a hammer. I thought for a long time I would not recover," he said later.

Snell, who until last week had seldom had to recover from anything, was awakened at his hotel in Toronto on Thursday morning by a long-distance call from a correspondent who wanted to know: "What do you think of Jazy beating your record?" Another call or two the told a *L'Espresso* reporter that "I can't wait to put my shoes on again. We must have a race, Jazy and I") and Snell was sufficiently weary of the question to seek isolation for the rest of the day in a private flat as the guest of Sir Leon Goetz, the New Zealand high commissioner to Canada.

It was dusk in Toronto when he went out to meet Bill Crothers. The meet, drummed up by a Canadian beer company, had drawn a surprisingly rich field of distance talent—Snell, Clarke, Schul, Crothers, Billy Mills—and since Crothers is Canadian, the crowd of 20,000 was especially aware of the 880. Crothers is a 23-year-old pharmacist from nearby Markham. Although he had lost to Snell in Tokyo and on three other occasions, they had become friends. On Tuesday they golfed together at The Willows, Snell shooting 90, Crothers 96. "But what did that matter?" asked Crothers' coach, Fred Foot. "Lately Bill has been able to withstand a much more rigorous training program than ever. He is miserable, despondent, moody, discouraged. I think he will win."

The first 440 yards were Snell's undoing. The pace was too slow. Running third, his time was around 55.6. Crothers, right behind him, was not pressed to stay up and, according to Snell, the Canadian "is a superior sprinter—a 440-880 man, whereas I am an 880-mile run-

ner." To tire Crothers, Snell had to make a longer sprint, and before the last turn he surged ahead. Crothers, who had been boxed in until then, quickly forced a gap and flowed through, hard on Snell's right shoulder. At first, at the head of the straightaway, Snell thought he was clear. "I knew what Bill could do, but I thought I might make it anyway." Then, as Crothers closed, he realized he would not—his legs were rubbery. (They did not look rubbery, of course, when he runs Snell always looks like he just filled the tank and put in all new spark plugs.) Fifty yards from the string, Crothers passed him and won by two yards. Crothers' time was a rather tedious 1:48.4, but that did not concern the crowd, which was cheering wildly. Arthur Lyndard, Snell's coach, was moved to say, "What a great thing it is for Canadian track."

It was, of course, not so great for Peter Snell. But he stayed on till the end of the meet, carefully, meticulously answering questions for this knot of reporters and that. He talks softly, with long, thoughtful pauses, and he plucks absently at his black sweat suit as he thinks them over. Why had he not accelerated in the stretch as he usually does? "I, uh [pause], put out all the effort I had at my disposal." Would he like another go at Crothers? "Uh, I would [pause], but I am more interested at this stage in Jazy." Was he surprised at Jazy's record? "No, it is something I have expected for a long time, but, uh [pause], not necessarily from Jazy. It is a record that should be lowered, but, uh [short laugh, smile], I hoped to lower it myself." What if Jazy refuses to meet you? He has not been too eager to meet you, has he? "Uh [pause, smile], it has not appeared so, no."

Snell said his schedule called for him to run in Walnut, Calif. and San Diego and Helsinki, London, Dublin, Prague, Oslo, Berlin and twice in Sweden in the next six weeks. "I, uh, am sure he [Jazy] has the same invitations." He said if he had to lose in the 880 he was "glad it was to Crothers. He is a nice bloke." But he said he understood Crothers would be going to Europe next month, "and, uh [smile], I will be there."

Later, off to themselves in the Polynesian room of a swank Toronto restaurant called the Ports of Call, Snell and Ron and Helen Clarke speculated far into the night on what kind of a lure it would take to get Jazy into a race. Clarke said some promoter would have to

continued on page 63



New Zealand's Snell, an avid competitor, can't wait to put his shoes on for Jazy.

Australia's Clarke, who races for pleasure, feels he is in his best shape ever.



WISCONSIN WARRIOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

He grips a steering wheel, not a lance, sits in a sports car, not on a warhorse, but in temperament the visored combatant on the opposite page is of medieval times. He is Chicago Businessman Wayne Burnett, and like thousands of Americans engaged in a new ritual of risk, he jousts with throttle foot and gearshift. He belongs to a company of part-time warriors who court racing thrills on the road circuits that have flourished since World War II. Driver Burnett is pictured at the wheel of his Ferrari at Elkhart Lake, Wis. It is a green, comely place, as shown on the following pages, where spectators will gather again this weekend to view sports cars ranging in ferocity from gnatlike Sprites to fire-breathing Chaparrals and to applaud doctors, lawyers and merchants of speed at their 20th-century lists.





Sun, speed and country greenery give Elkhart Lake its special charm. Here



spectators loolling beneath oaks and maples watch Jim Walter's Alfa Romeo accelerate out of Canada Corner



WITH DAD IN HIS ALFA-ROMEO AND MOM IN HER PIT

When Elkhart Lake's Road America opened for racing 10 years ago the sports car was a novelty and the U.S. sports-car enthusiast something of a freak. Track racing, Indianapolis style, was the native dish. Road racing bore an "imported" label; the cars came with such unfamiliar names as MG and Jaguar, Porsche and Ferrari, and some members of the new cult indulged in British lingo alien to the American ear, saying windscreen for windshield, boot for trunk, bonnet for hood, changing for shifting gears. Sports-car people generally ignored Indianapolis and the rest of the track scene; Indy men despised what they took to be effete airs and graces in the wire-wheel crowd. Madison Avenue set all sail on an opposite tack, correctly sensing glamour in those funny little foreign cars and a cosmopolitan and fashionable air about their admirers. Detroit, having spent millions to engineer shift levers up off the floor and onto the steering column and further millions to do away with shifting gears altogether, was not then terribly interested in four-on-the-floor, especially in teen-weeny cars with itty-bitty engines. The motor capital let the sports cars stream unmoored by domestic competition. Readers of most sports pages could scarcely have been expected to know that a revival of U.S. road racing was under way; they were given little to read about it.

Thus Elkhart Lake was, in the beginning, as much a missionary outpost as an arena for sport. Madison Avenue, for all its interest, wasn't digging down to buy gravel and asphalt for Elkhart Lake's four expensive miles of racing surface. That dubious privilege went to a group of Wisconsin adventurers, their spiritual leader being "Gentleman Jim" Kimberly—who was making a splash in those days with his meticulously brushed

silver hair and red racing helmet, coveralls and Ferrari. Skeptics saw Elkhart Lake as four costly miles to oblivion; such pioneering road courses as Watkins Glen in New York and Thompson in Connecticut had more hay bales than customers; Sebring in Florida was still groping feebly for the international limelight it would ultimately claim. Most of the country's sports-car races were run by and for a minuscule cult on unappealing airports left over from the war.

So what happened? Elkhart Lake was a hit. It did more than offer the prospect of a scenic outing and a bit of motorized competition; it got people involved. Mittys with the price of an MG and some spare parts could put Mom in the pits with the watches and lap charts and go out and make like Carroll Shelby and Phil Hill, stars whose style they then could examine in the feature race. A man with the means to own something hot—say a Ferrari or Maserati—could tool along behind the name drivers in the very same race. Spectators with Triumphs or Alfas in the parking fields could identify with the drivers of similar models on the racetrack.

Nobody can say with accuracy when American sports-car racing turned the corner toward national acceptance. Certainly Elkhart Lake, as a model circuit, gave the sport an indispensable lift. Some 16,000 cultists buzzed out into the hills north of Milwaukee to munch bratwurst—the regional counterpart of the hot dog—and gaze at Elkhart's first race meeting. Last year 30,000 citizens attended the spring show; this weekend Elkhart expects 35,000. The place is actually making a little money, a consummation devoutly wished but anticipated only by the starry-eyed a decade ago.

The few sports-car road courses extant when Elkhart's bratwurst first siz-

zled have multiplied amazingly. There are no fewer than three dozen—from Bridgehampton and Lime Rock in the East to Riverside and Laguna Seca in the car-crazy West. A decade ago the Sports Car Club of America could boast but 308 competition drivers. Today the SCCA has 5,000 competition licenses outstanding and, all told, claims 15,000 dues-paying members, who may be classified as priests and prophets of the true faith. There are by now half a million sports-car owners in the U.S., each a potential road-racing customer by virtue of the impulse that took him into the showroom in the first place.

Few American sports car racing drivers are professional racing men. They are largely weekend warriors—doctors, lawyers, architects, pilots, car dealers, an occasional housewife—who get no kicks on Route 66 from an ordinary passenger car yet want no part of hard-nosed truck racing, who seek out the milder disciplines and gentler dangers of circuits like Elkhart Lake for the joys of competition and, if things go well, a trophy and a party before the workaday week begins.

They are also movers and shakers out of all proportion to their numbers, the spearhead of an extraordinarily vital force that has not only established a major sport in what was a desert of indifference but also has conquered Detroit. The automakers labor tirelessly to spread sports-car racing's halo of élan over their passenger lines: witness the birth of the Ford Mustang, the appropriation for model names of sports-car shrines and racers (Le Mans, GTO), the revival of the bucket seat, the ersatz knock-off hubcaps of some far-off street models, the race to get four back on the floor.

They're rolling at Elkhart Lake, those funny little sports cars, and will be for a long time to come.

END

In relaxed Elkhart paddock one crewman snoozes as others tinker



ARTHUR KING WORE FIREMAN'S HELMET FOR PROTECTION IN NOVICE EVENT

HIJINKS AT THE HEE-HAW DERBY

by LIZ SMITH

"Don't be a jackass, race a mule!" cries the young horsy set of Cleveland once a year, and the often stodgy sport of kings is punctured with a point-to-point of pure parody

Professional Huntsman Brian Kirkham appeared on a lush-meadowed Ohio racetrack recently, attired in pink coat, black velvet cap, tan-topped hunt boots, immaculate white stock and all the other trappings of his trade. But when he signaled the 2 p.m. start of the first race, it wasn't with the usual coach horn. Disappointingly, he instead used a smaller copper-and-brass hunting curl. For Huntsman Kirkham had a fever blister on his famous lip and simply couldn't give his all that day.

On this off-note the fourth Annual Chagrin Valley Mule Point-to-Point began—once again giving the old hee-haw to the sport of kings and providing a down-to-earth shot in the arm, or needle elsewhere, to the often stuffy world of racing, hunting, jumping, hacking and horse.

Mule racing is unique because mules are unique animals. When raced they are apt to hack and pitch, step peacefully along to their own distant drums in spite of the whip, travel back to the paddock despite the jockey's pleas, stop dead still and refuse to move, lay back their ears and contemplate the rider's navel, hack up, waltz sideways, roll in the grass and on the rider, stop three feet short of the finish line, or look to see if the grass is greener somewhere off the track. Occasionally, a rider will even draw a mount that runs like hell.

The mule is a hybrid throw-off of the canine world, described in the 1800s by Legislator Ignatius Donnelly as resembling the Democratic party in that it is "without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity." But mule society is used to insults and plods serenely on with the inner knowledge that any mule is smarter than a Thoroughbred horse. (After all, fine horseflesh often stumbles and falls, but mules never do, though they sometimes lie down on purpose.)

Since mules are rapidly becoming as scarce as iceboxes, kimonos and long-handled dippers—a goodly portion of the younger generation has never seen any of these items—it might be well to explain how the mule got here and why it isn't going anywhere. Not to strain at

fruit flies, a mule is the sterile offspring of a male jackass and a mare. The male mule is called a horse-mule, and the female, just as logically, is a female mule. If the parents happen to be reversed so that they are stallion and she-ass, the result is called a hinny. These creatures are incapable of reproducing themselves—they have the drive but not the means—and the horse-mule is, therefore, always gelded.

Mules possess dubious sporting instincts and have a feel for doing as little work as possible. In the "work" category the mule places such silliness as allowing himself to be cinched into a saddle in order to amuse the sporting bloods of Ohio on a hot spring afternoon. But mules have been making men laugh (and, perhaps, vice-versa) for centuries, and the process isn't about to stop now.

So almost 2,500 people from greater Cleveland came bearing horn lunches for a tail-gate picnic in the David S. Ingalls Sr. Stonybrook Farm pasture on the day of the Mule Point-to-Point. They paid a \$2 entrance fee, making up a neat gate that annually nets around \$1,000 for the police pension funds of two nearby villages, Gates Mills and Hunting Valley.

Back in April, 60 special persons round and about the nation had received an unusual letter postmarked Gates Mills, Ohio. It invited them to participate in one of four categories of mule racing "over natural Jack-Ass Country" and read provocatively: "As you are undoubtedly aware, the racing of mules is a highly competitive sport, requiring courage, maturity and considerable skill—qualities which our Selection Committee feel strongly *low* possess. Therefore, it is with great delight that we invite and urge you to ride a mule."

"Because Jack-Asses always require suitable decoration, each rider is asked to supply his own tack, and is requested to wear racing silks, light britches, and protective headgear of some form."

The committee urged the invitees to return their \$10 entrance fees quickly since there were only 10 post positions



DAVID WILLIAMS SMOKED CIGAR AS HE WON THE FEATURE WITH MULE NAMED SZEEL

each in the four races and riders would be decided on a first-come, first-served basis. The letter ended: "Don't be a Jack-Ass, race a mule!"

The creators of this missive are a plucky, friendly and informal group of Young Turks and their pretty wives, all of whom belong to the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club—one of those studiously relaxed but very proper and exclusive organizations where the elite meet to ride and talk horses and lift a glass or two on Saturday nights. The Chagrin Valley Hunt Club does not sponsor the

Mule Point-to-Point, but it gives the annual event a kind of stepfatherly pat on the back each year. Mrs. Gilbert Humphrey and Mr. Robert White, the joint masters of the Chagrin Valley Hunt, look tolerantly upon the shenanigans that parody steeplechasing tradition. The Hunt also plays host to its members, mule riders and guests for the gala Black and Blue Ball, which invariably follows the May afternoon shambles in somebody's meadow.

The setting for this mulely saturnalia lies near two of the prettiest little villages

continued

in "Mule Hollow," known 51 other weeks of the year as the Gates Mills and Hunting Valley horse country. These neighboring hamlets nestle in Ohio's Chagrin Valley at the last outpost of tall timber just before the beginning of the Great Plains. The Valley is a lovely, 20-mile-long drive through yellow-green spring countryside, far from the industrial smogs and poisonous water wastes of urban Cleveland. It is a world of gracious living, exuberantly attractive "young marrieds," their handsomely settled elderly elders and assorted estates with split-rail fences that seem actually to fence rather than to decorate.

This year the gracious living started the night before the race at the Gates Mills home of Carol and John Howell Jr. Mrs. Howell, a pert brunette, had ridden last year in the beginners' race but, while serving steamed clams and barbecued sirloin to her guests, she explained why she is no longer in the jockey club. "I fell off that thing right on my head. Only my hard hat saved me. Then I skidded along on the seat of my pants—you should have seen the grass stains. You couldn't get me on another mule."

Nearby, a visiting joker named T. C. H. Webster, a gentleman farmer from Pennsylvania, casually broke an egg over the head of former New Yorker James Milholland. Milholland, who publishes a host of successful farm journals, grinned grimly and wiped yolk off his Madras jacket. "Let the fool enjoy himself. He has to ride tomorrow," he said. "Sensibly, I'm only on the committee."

The committee had met a few nights earlier to make up names for the 10 mules being brought up from Maryland. The members outdo themselves in fanciful false-mule genealogies, and since this is the only meeting where they allow libations many of the names then have to be thrown out. The remainder are still choice, though some are so local and "inside" even the committee loses track of their meaning. Each mule has to race four times, and he wears a different number and a new name for every race. These run from things like Fair Flusco (by Moses out of Promised Land) to Candy (by Frank Harris out of Fanny Hill).

The behind-the-scenes skippers of the mule race are Cleveland Broker John R. Wilson and Iron-and-steel Executive John Limbocker. Wilson explained: "It

all started when I lived in Baltimore in 1959. I was too heavy to ride in the Maryland Hunt Cup timber race for amateur steeplechasers." His blonde, Lilly-clad wife, who committees but won't compete, added, "And not good enough, either." Wilson agreed, "Well, as you know, that is a very fine race—the best for amateurs in the U.S., and most of us working fellows couldn't keep in shape. So we began a mule race there, just for fun. Then, when I moved to Cleveland in 1961, John Limbocker and I got enthusiastic about doing one here and the Hunt Club liked the idea. We work hard on it, starting in February, and every time we mention not doing it, people yell. So I guess you could call it a tradition now."

Limbocker said, "The hunt situation is getting stuffer and stuffer, so we try to make the mule race as serious as possible, too. That's the only way you can bring it off. Everything is serious except the mules."

Publisher Milholland noted that before the Derby the band plays *My Old Kentucky Home* and before the Preakness they serenade with *Maryland, My Maryland*. He suggested that the Point-to-Point should start with a rendition of *The Starling King of England*, and began to sing it. Another egg was broken, this time on T.C.H. Webster's head by his slightly harassed hostess, whose straw-mat rumpus-room carpet was beginning to resemble an omelet.

The day of the great race dawned sunny in spite of an early morning rain. The pasture racecourse had been allowed to grow up a few feet and a mile track mowed through it. From the flag-decked starting line the mules were to run within red-and-white side markers attached to bamboo poles. The judges were already ensconced in their reviewing stand at the starting line—a red manure spreader covered with a beach umbrella. Nearby, a band played *Hello, Dolly*, *Red Roses for a Blue Lady* and an off version of the stripper's favorite, *Night Train*.

Station wagons, Jugs, Rolls-Royces, vintage cars and luxurious buses were drawn right up to the split-rail fence. Announcer A. L. Register, who is the pet comic of the Chagrin Valley crowd, was in from New Jersey to do his stuff. He started out sonorously with "Good

afternoon, racing fans," then quickly explained that the Ingalls' cows could not distinguish broken glass, flip-tops and bottle caps from pasture grass and urged the crowd to refrain from throwing debris on the ground.

The first race, The Swiss Stakes, was for veteran male riders only. Register reported that the mules were all new. "Last year's mules were replaced because they demanded a barley break," he quipped. "These mules wear ordinary tack, with the addition of a crupper under their tail to hold the saddleback. Mules have no withers. For those of you who don't know what withers is—and I am told it is is—no withers means no shoulders, so there is nothing between the rider and the distance ahead. The mule rider is a man with his feet planted firmly in midair."

The Swiss Stakes riders paraded slowly to the line, where Veterinarian Daniel Searns, acting as starter, attempted to establish order. Riders were wearing a rainbow of silks rented from a local costume company, plus derbies, polo helmets and hard riding hats. Only a few had the required white britches, and their boots ran from regular black to brown to Neumarket canvas to laced field types.

"They're off" is a cry that can be taken several ways in mule racing. Past Point-to-Points have seen several bad spills, but this year the mounts broke in various degrees of speed, and a few of them even started around the course. Skate Board (by Kids out of Uppers) began bucking, but rider Bill O'Neil stuck to him. Obstacles along the course were foot-and-a-half-high hay bales that did not extend all the way across. Most of the mules wisely veered around the bales; one or two simply plodded right through, breaking them up and scattering hay on the track. The announcer screamed, "Look at the way they take those jumps!"

In spite of the contention that no one knows what will happen in a mule race and that riding skill has very little to do with it, the first man to gallop across the finish line was J. Moffat Dunlap, a former Canadian Olympic Equestrian Team member, introduced to the Mule Maal only last year by his bride, the former Margo Humphrey. Helpless (by Hopeless out of Helpless) came in last in spite of rider Hugh Hunter's crop. By that time, the other riders had gone to

continued

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your taste!*



The image features a woman with a wide smile, wearing a large, bright yellow straw hat. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand. Behind her, a man is partially visible, also smiling. In the bottom right corner, there is a pack of Kent cigarettes and a single cigarette. The pack is white with a gold crown logo and the word 'KENT' in bold. Below it, it says 'THE MILD MELLOW QUALITY' and 'KING SIZE'.

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the paddock so their mules could be re-saddled for use in the next race.

Retired mule dealer Charles Hackman was the man who had driven the mules up from Maryland. Squinting into the sun, he explained, "The mule is now about gone entirely from the parts of the country where it originated. But with government allotments growing smaller, tobacco farmers in Maryland have started using them again. You see, they push those rows real close together and then they need a mule to cultivate with in there. So these are big farm mules."

Then the ladies paraded out on their mules for the running of The Maiden Form Cup, obviously a local favorite. These distaff riders looked serious and, after some jockeying for position and forceful pushing of mules into place, they started at the signal. Anne Register's Roll-a-Perm (by Curly Fox out of Business) actually jumped the first bay bale as she clung to him, spurring in jodhpur boots and canvas-backed leggings. A very fine-looking blonde rider named Susan Imms managed to get her mule back onto the track after he had wandered offside. In spite of his dereliction, she forced him across the finish line first and tossed her crop in the air. Margo Dunlap, whose husband had won the previous race, got Sybil's Arthur (by Jerk out of Frug) up to the finish line, but not across. The mule bucked up as Margo flailed at him. "That's the brakes, honey," whooped Announcer Register. The mule moved forward. "That's it, that's the accelerator," said Register. Finally Sybil's Arthur moved across at a snail's trot and the crowd cheered.

The winners of these two events received silver pitchers, but in most cases could not accept on muleback as their mounts had already made straight for the paddock. The third race was the feature and favorite of the day. Called The Major Bowles Challenge Trophy, it is "a special race for gentlemen, open to valley residents of the '30s whose legends of misadventure grow with their years." The trophy, a silver cigarette box, would be given by the John Howells in memory of a well-loved Appaloosa vaudeville mule once owned by John's father and named Major Bowles. "He was the first mule in the valley of horses," said Howell, a stout young man who now confines his own riding to a snappy red Honda.

The Major Bowles began in chaos and ended in confusion. After a slow start as

continued



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NEE-HAW DERBY *continued*

Announcer Register shrieked, "Look at those mules pound along," most of the mules broke for the paddock at the turn, and some never came back on the course. Pipeline Contractor David Williams, chomping the cigar he started with, did at last urge his mule across first. It was named Spell for the Cleveland Symphony conductor, who recently completed a tour behind the Iron Curtain. Its "genealogy," predictably, was by May Day out of Moscow, Rapid Extension (a reference to the Cleveland transit system) was by Slow Reduction out of Bad Service and came in, tellingly, a very slow last. In fact, the race had already all but ended while rider Peter Hitchcock was still on the first half lap. The P.A. system cracked wearily, "Folks, don't go away. Stay and watch this thrilling race for last position."

The final event, The Rough Rider Plate, is always the one most eagerly awaited by the swarms of kids who are the real enthusiasts of mule racing. This is a race for novices and most of them hide their saddle fright under props and costumes.

Ranking tennis player David Dickenson came out on Bunion (by Limping out of Short Shoe) wearing a jet pilot's helmet and using a tennis racket for a crop. Alex Hadden was wearing a paper-mâché mule head that looked like something from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. He doffed it before they were "off." Banker George Kirkham had on a construction helmet; Charles Newell was in cowboy attire but switched to a hard hat at the last minute. Tucker Marston wore an orange jet-pilot suit and helmet, while Arthur King sported a fireman's helmet. It was a field day for show-offs and the first year no female had entered The Rough Rider.

"This race requires more nerve than sense," announced Register as the motley crew surged out onto the track. Bunion proceeded to walk the entire distance while Jockey Dickenson burst a few tennis guts flailing for action. At one point on the half lap, two mules were facing in different directions and going strong. Charlie Newell nudged in first on Little Audrey (by Big Julie out of Academy Awards).

The crowd began to drift out. Somebody said, "I'll declare, those mules got 18 different gaits." And, of course, somebody else answered, "Yeah, that's what makes mule racing."

END

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WHAT A PERFECT FRIENDSHIP



A noted foreign correspondent explains why, as the song says, when other friendships have been forgot, the sea-kindly old lobster sloops out of Friendship, Maine will still be hot **by GEORGE WELLER**

The eyes of an old-car enthusiast grow moist behind his goggles when he sees a spitting Stutz Bearcat or a hissing Stanley Steamer struggle into action. When a bug on period airplanes watches a Spad or an early Curtiss waddling down a runway, his anxious heart leaps up as if to help the outliner into the air. When a salt-rimmed devotee of antique watercraft sees a half-century-old Friendship sloop, such as the one pictured here, picking her way—like an old lady bound for church—past the fiber-glass martini palaces of a modern harbor, his impulse is to offer a gentlemanly arm. And an arm, right up to the shoulder, is just about what the devotee must be prepared to give if he has any notion of becoming such an old lady's lover, for the boats that cost about \$400 when they were first built in Friendship, Me. back in the 1890s cannot be duplicated today for less than \$10,000. To get one of the originals built by Wilbur Morse or his brothers, you pay whatever the current owner may see fit to ask, if indeed he is willing to sell at all.

Those sturdy, sea-kindly workboats with their broad beams, deep keels and graceful clipper-ship-type bows and bowsprits were designed as "sailing wheelbarrows" to bring the lobster catch in from the traps on the bottom of Maine's bays. They were built with oak timbers to fight nasty weather. A Friendship sometimes tends to be leaky and wet, but attempting to doctor her leaks only confuses her; she prefers to fix them herself, tightening her seams like a lady adjusting a corset for greater comfort. Why, you ask, should anyone buy, repair or attempt to duplicate such a crusty old spinster, particularly when she may—like her contemporary, the One Hoss Shay—collapse in a heap from sheer old age? It's hard to say, but many do. It is probably the Friendship's pristine beauty that seduces them. Under sail, she saunters along with the ungirdled gait of a fisher girl impudently seeking a date. Her trail boards are caught around her bosom like an old-fashioned shawl, with the eagle's head worn as a brooch at the center. Her magnificently broad after-deck was made that way, of course,

to get the heavy lobster traps inbound with minimum heave, but it looks like a veranda.

The great gift of the Friendship is that she stops firmly and stands still. There is some dispute about the best way to hold her, untended, on a running tide. The mainsail, with its long overhanging boom, is loosed amidships, everyone agrees, but there is sharp disagreement as to whether the jib should be freed or sheeted in to leeward to correct the tendency of the mainsail to make her full off. LeRoy Carter, a 71-year-old lobsterman of Friendship, told Writer Lew Dietz a few years ago, "I owned one of Morse's boats back around 1910. It wasn't unusual to see 50 or more in the harbor either lobstering, handlining or trawling. You'd be surprised how nice those sloops worked tending traps. I'd just luff up to a buoy and let the jib sheet go while I hauled and baited up. Then off I'd go again. Those boats were just as docile as a milk wagon's horse while you hauled. When it came time to run for home, they ran."

An easy way to start a rain of pain in Maine is to ask which Morse actually invented the Friendship, the four brothers—Wilbur, Charles, Jonah and Albion of Bremen Island in Muscongus Bay or the offside Moses, Warren and his brothers Cornelius and Edward, who lived on Morse Island. They all built sloops, and their womenfolk, some of whom survive, still nurture their credits.

It is impossible also to exclude two other clans, the Carters and McClains, who also built on Bremen Island, the earliest birthplace among the shipyards scattered through Muscongus Bay.

Actually, the Friendship's origins are transatlantic. In the 1870s, when Wilbur Morse was a young fisherman fretting at the inadequate longboat rig passed down in Maine from the days of Captain John Smith's mapmaking excursions, Portuguese fishermen used to work the Grand Banks the way the Soviet motor ships do today. All too often they would race and beat the Yankees to the nearest big market in Gloucester, Mass. One day a Portuguese was wrecked near Gloucester. The Muscongus Yankees, seeing her

deserted, landed nearby and measured her lines. They observed how her mast was placed far forward, only a fifth of the length from the bow, placing the center of effort of the sails well forward.

Wilbur moved over to Friendship and started a yard of his own to build boats patterned after the Portuguese. At first his brother Charles was with him. But Charles had a tiff with the selectmen, loaded his tools and gear on a scow and took the whole kit 15 miles up-creek to Thomaston, where his yard still survives under the management of another Morse, Charles's grandson, Roger.

Wilbur, who was long on salesmanship, often had five boats building at once on a kind of assembly line. He sometimes turned out 26 boats in a year. The real worker in the background was his brother Jonah, who joined him at 19, worked for years and finally departed in 1923 to set up his own yard at Damariscotta. Nearly everybody agrees that the broad-faced, spectacled Wilbur, a strong 6-footer, was the seminal influence on the others. He defined a Friendship sloop as "a sloop built in Friendship, Maine by Wilbur Morse." He was a stern boss, paid his carpenters 15¢ an hour and permitted no idle talk during working hours.

Revered relics are usually surrounded by a lot of antiquarian gabble, but not Friendships. A no-nonsense attitude still prevails in the town of their origin. Nevertheless, a Friendship sloop has an insidious way of running her four-foot bowsprit, decorated trail boards, eagle, bobstay and all so deep into your heart that you are harpooned for life. "You can see that moment of surrender; they get a helpless look in their eyes," says an ex-owner who managed to kick Friendships only because his shoulders were getting curved from pumping.

I understand a collector's weakness for the Friendship because it felled me exactly 32 years ago in a greasy inlet of Piræus in the Aegean Sea. From Gloucester to Greece is some 6,000 miles, but the 36-foot Friendship *Ochlo* had made it in a mere two years, guided by a tough, wily architect from Boston named John Edward Crowley. Crowley,

continued

a Harvard man not overly addicted to superlatives, called his gray antique "the slowest yacht in the Atlantic and the fastest in the Mediterranean."

There is some sort of curse about chanceling Friendships that abandon America for Europe, but I did not realize it then. Transatlantic wrecks are usually traced by the Morse trail boards that stubbornly survive as decorated driftwood. One set was found in a carcass washed up on the coast of Sicily. Another belonged to the *Friendship Duffer II*, which vanished mysteriously from the Quency (Mass.) Yacht Club in 1931. A man suspected of murdering a couple on a neighboring island vanished just as mysteriously at the same time. There is no proof of the matter but many Down Easters believe the two disappearances were tied together. The *Friendship's* hulk was found on the coast of Holland some time later. The murderer was never found. Either he had used her as a device to explain his disappearance, or the old lady had taken him to the bottom in her prissy indignation at being violated but not paid. (What am I saying, "old lady"? These Friendships were a mere 30 years old when they flew the Atlantic, following Lindbergh.)

Ochiro looked twice beautiful to me riding by the Piraeus seawall, first, because she was beautiful and, second, because she meant a possible cheap ride home. It was mid-Depression; I had an experimental novel to sell, and I had been barely getting by at \$45 a month plus space for *The New York Times*. Crowley was almost broke, too. "December is a terrible month for sail in the Med, but we have to get my capital home and I can't start the engine," he said.

We sailed from Piraeus on December 4, seen off in a rainstorm by a sad, 50ish publicist named Brainerd Salmon. He had just had a contract yanked out from under him by the Greek government, was broke and eager to replace me as *Times* man, just to eat. The third man of our crew was an almost illiterate Bermudian that Ed had picked up in the islands.

Trouble began immediately. At 2 in the morning we mistook the road that curls behind the breakwater at the mouth of the Canal of Corinth for the seawall itself. We grounded. Our anchors refused to hold in the stiff silt, and the engine wouldn't start. As we hit the rock,

Crowley said, "Over the side, George, and let's try to keep her from breaking up." Overboard I went. The Bermudian scrambled up to the seawall, Crowley threw him lines and I was a human bumper, now scrambling along the surf-torn rocks in the darkness, now hanging to the gunwales.

We saved her. I was covered with barnacle ribs from chest to toes, shaking every twitch a sting. "You gave me buck my boat, George," Crowley said generously. In the two days while I was recovering, he got the engine going, and we slipped through the canal.

We passed the snowy rampart of Paros above Delphi, moved past Naxos, past the place of Byron's disillusionment at Missolonghi, past Ithaca, Corfu and out in a wintry sea. Twelve days of vicious storms hacked at us, turning the bilges into a sloshing smorgasbord of old meals that had flown into the air before they could be eaten. All our deck gear was torn away, including sea anchors. The riding lights had gone dead. The seas ran three ways at once, tossing the old *Friendship* in all directions, more beanbag than boat.

Of Italy, after a week, we barely escaped being swept ashore in the Gulf of Taranto. When, finally, we crept past the long snowy shoulders of smoking Etna, exhausted, cold, bloated and more than half-crocked from existing on rum eggnogs and potato chips, we found ourselves in the midstream traffic of the Strait of Messina. The engine was frozen again, and the millrace was against us. That was all we needed. We gave up. We hoisted to the masthead the only light we had left, a kerosene lamp Crowley had stolen from the city of Gloucester. We lay there all night in our soaked bunks, hove to in the mainstream of traffic from Europe to Suez, with liners hooting over us like traffic cops and their creamy blue searchlights whitening our cabin. "Sink us. See if we care," yawned Crowley, turning his back to the pitilessly illuminated chaos.

We staggered into Reggio Calabria, ate a huge meal we could not afford, and I immediately vomited up mine. We were at sea again in two days, Crowley being anxious to make Isehm before Christmas, because his wife, Chiquita, was waiting for him. The law of averages, he felt, would be sure to give us a fair passage from Sicily to the Bay of Naples.

We had barely negotiated Scylla's rapids and could see the perpetually smoking cone of Stromboli like a sullen ash-tray on the northern horizon, when the stars vanished, the seas rose and the rigging began to moan. We went down to a trysail but saw that the currents were setting us remorselessly westward. A new set of black dampings began to grow out of the swollen, wounded sunset. The Lipari Islands, where Mussolini kept his most dangerous enemies. And we were leaking.

"We've got to put in here," Crowley said to me.

"Do it and you'll lose your boat," I said. "American reporters don't stop in on Fascist prison camps. What are we supposed to be doing, pleasure-cruising in December?"

"They couldn't take *Ochiro* if we ran in just to get some shelter," Crowley demurred.

"They could and, what's more, they would," I objected.

We pushed on northward, hoping to slip off the edge of the westerly set toward the islands without a cutter coming out after us. Finally we got the Liparis hull down. It took us a week to make Capri. We spent Christmas day beating across the Gulf to Ischia. Chiquita was waiting for us. The black-and-blue marks that *Ochiro's* bunks and table edges had pounded into her waist from Bermuda to Italy were now gone. But *Ochiro* had consumed four of the six weeks leave without pay the *Times* had granted me to come home at my own expense. I lent Crowley the rest of what would have been my passage money, tried and failed to get a workaway job out of Naples and finally bought a freighter passage home.

Ochiro made Gibraltar with only one storm; the Med seemed to have blown itself out for the winter. Crowley crossed from the Canary Islands to New York in 44 days, his first landfall being Sandy Hook. For 18 days in the trades he simply let Merse genius run the voyage, never touching a sail.

But we had not avoided the curse that some little ships impose on those who send them too far into alien waters. When I returned to Greece, Salmon was once again out of a job, and the new government wouldn't honor the contracts of the old. He took photographer's poison in his lonely room in the Hotel Grande Bretagne and expired, surrounded by

literature praising Greece's beauties. He had shared my *Tower* work while I was at sea with a brilliant young Greek newsman, Spyros Vlachos. Vlachos, black-listed by the pro-German Metaxas dictatorship, also committed suicide. Crowley thought that her long voyage would turn his boat into a second *Spray*, the little round-the-world singlehander made famous by Captain Josh Slocum. But he could not sell her, because she was too tired and she leaked. Eventually she vanished in a marina near Neponset. And three years after his return to Boston Harbor, Crowley shot himself in his Beacon Hill apartment.

Today's Friendship owners make more reasonable demands on their creaky antiques than a two-year transatlantic voyage. Like the artist-writer Joe Richards, owner of the 25-foot *Princess*, they may test their mistress' stamina with an inland passage run from New York to Miami. But no original Friendship is likely again to dare to change continents afloat. Nowadays when owners of Friendship sloops get together it is usually to take part in one of the two annual regattas: the mid-September race off Gloucester and Marblehead or the old-home week at Friendship itself, a rousing three-day affair.

Friendship (pop. 806) is an unsentimental two-church town without even a hotel, and it accepted the winter folks' plan to memorialize its little ships with uncommon readiness and no predatory commercialism. Besides Postmaster Carleton Simmons, two of the strongest spirits there are Albert Morse, a lobsterman, and his ex-schoolteacher wife Betty. It was typical of Friendship's races the last time I attended them that I could observe Al Roberts, between bouts of announcement from the microphone on his dock, carefully sorting his morning catch of lobsters. A handsome, ruddy fisherman, Al officiated in overalls.

Roberts is also curator of the Friendship Museum, which has been established in an 18-foot-by-24-foot red brick schoolhouse built in 1852. The museum is run by little Mrs. Carrie McFarland, the stepdaughter of Jonah Morse. When I asked her how she had arranged the records of the Friendship, Mrs. McFarland looked thoughtfully into the distance and gave me a real Friendship answer, untouched by guile. "Well," she said carefully, "I suppose the best way

continued



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FRIENDSHIP

you could describe our museum, it's a mess." To me it seemed an extremely well-disciplined mess, with plenty of early photos and scrimshaw. In Mystic, Conn., of course, the marine museum has a fully rigged Friendship.

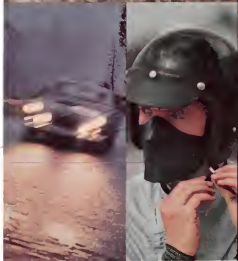
In Friendship men still speak of "getting up a boat" as a sensible way to spend a winter. No use to build a Friendship, though. For a modern lobsterman, the only way to creep in close under the pine-flanked rocks to set traps is with a gasoline motor, not a sloop. But when you ask anybody around Friendship where the original plans of the sloop are, a quizzical look comes in his eyes. The lips narrow a little. "What you planin'?" To get one up this winter, maybe?" he says, not unkindly. You allow that you might be tempted. "Well, if people round here do have the lines, they're not sayin'." Quick smile and a wink, then a long, cautious silence. You wait. "What you *can* do, if you want to build for yourself, is to get a magnifying glass and copy your lines off that Chapelle book." The vanished stud they refer to is the 25-foot *Pennaquid* in *American Small Sailing Craft* by Howard Chapelle of the Smithsonian.

The average of all the Friendships now afloat is much longer than *Pennaquid*, only an inch or two under 30 feet. When you are dealing with Maine folks on delicate matters like the size of a Friendship, it might be better to stretch her out a few feet. Building takes time, of course. Phil Nichols has taken four years to build the 33-foot *Surprise*, his third. But the Moses, McClains and Carters were never people in a hurry. Wilbur Morse used to take pains to carve his and Jonah's initials in the wreath on the stern of his ships. He referred to himself as "an average Morse," because he was turning out ships at 74, when nine out of 11 of his family were still working.

I wash Wilbur had seen *Ochre* off Strömholm, backing stubbornly along in the cold sea of an Alpine norther, with the volcano's smoke spreading black and wild under the pearly low ceiling like a broken stovepipe in a Maine kitchen. We were cold, bruised, hungry and broke, but we felt somehow that our ship would take care of us. After all, she came from what people call "that place up in Maine where they used to make wonderful sloops years ago."

Still do, when you come right down to it.

END



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The Rio Grande tumbles out of the mountains of Colorado cramped between the walls of an immense canyon. Six hundred feet deep and 40 miles long, the canyon channels the river due south through the dry mesa country of northern New Mexico. A lesser river, dwarfed by these imposing heights, would pass down the gorge unnoticed. But the Rio Grande, which is determined to reach the sea, 1,885 miles from the river's source, draws the eye down to itself rather than to the walls of its prison. Without the river, the prison would be barren and dying, like the mesa above. There would be no grass growing at the bottom, no cattle grazing on the banks, no beaver, no porcupine, no trails which men have chiseled out of the rocky walls in order to spend a few hours in the prison themselves.

Most of these trail makers are fishermen. They have been lured into the "box," as they call the prison, by the size of the rainbow and brown trout that inhabit this part of the Rio Grande. From late spring to early fall you find the fishermen scattered from one end of the canyon to the other, balanced on boulders, sprawled on the banks, standing up to their chins in white water. And where you find them usually determines what kind of fishermen they are, whether soft, hard, or mad.

Ordinarily fishermen don't mix well. There is nothing a hard fisherman finds more loathsome than the sight of a soft fisherman. Mad fishermen he can endure for short spells, because in all probability he was once one himself, when he was younger. But now all those wild leaps and the mad haste seem to him unnecessary and faintly offensive. Soft fishermen, on the other hand, those for whom fishing is the next best thing to a bed, hate anybody who disturbs their sleep, while mad fishermen hate anybody who gets in their way.

The Rio Grande, however, unlike the usual trout stream, is big enough to support all three. And that is no small accomplishment.

Mad fishermen are the wild-eyed fanatics who would parachute into the box were not climbing into it harder. Their

Browns and rainbows in a deep, steep box

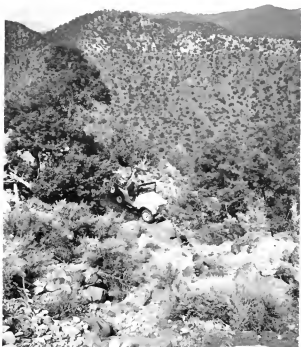
Lured by tales of big trout, a dedicated fly-fisherman takes a near-vertical jeep ride down into a forbidding canyon on the Rio Grande

theory is that the most accessible fish are to be found in the least accessible water. So they fish places like Arsenic Springs, appropriately named and 26 miles upstream from the New Mexican village of Taos, where the trail is a mile long and almost perpendicular as it hurls itself down the eastern cliff. Descending is bad enough, but ascending is pure hell, especially at the close of a long fishing

day. Water will log even a mad fisherman's bones, and trying to get those bones to the top after dark makes every muscle in his body cry out for peace at any price.

The thing that drives mad fishermen to such mad exploits is the size of the brown trout that have been raised in Arsenic Springs and other equally inaccessible places along the Rio Grande—

Continued



HAZARDOUS TERRAIN fails to deter those patient, knowing veterans, the hard fishermen.

raised but rarely caught: great shining slabs of trout that drift phantomlike up from the bottom, suck in a No. 6 hook, then, submerging, snap a heavy leader as though it were a 5x tippet. As fly-fishermen on the Florida Keys used to talk about jumping tarpon, so trout fishermen on the Rio Grande talk about jumping browns at Arsenic Springs.

No doubt many of these stories are phantoms themselves, haunting weary heads at nightfall. But even so the Rio Grande does carry a heavy cargo of big fish. The main reason is that so much of the river is hard to reach. You have to want to fish in a bad way to put up with all the discomforts, and the plain truth is that most fishermen do not want to fish at all; they simply want to get out in the sun.

Take soft fishermen, for example. On the Rio Grande they congregate along the only stretch of water in the box that can be reached by car. A dirt road progresses by many soft curves down to the river, crosses a bridge and then climbs up the other side, again curving softly. On weekdays the bridge has the river all to itself, but come Saturday, when the soft fishermen show up, it's like opening day in New Jersey.

Soft fishermen rarely get much farther from the bridge than a mile on either side. By then they have climbed enough of the big boulders for one day and seen enough water. So they find a cozy spot on the bank, heave out the old crawdad, whose oozing life might attract a fish, and go to sleep.

Here then is a bird's-eye view of a small part of the box on a typical Saturday afternoon: several dozen softly sleeping fishermen are clustered on the fringes of gamboling dogs and children. A woman with nothing else to do is polishing the car. At the same time, four miles away, a lone figure with mad eyes is scaling the last 30 feet of a precipice that he hopes will lead him to a pool not five men have fished all year. In between, porcupines waddle through the sage, cattle (which have been trucked into the box in May and will be trucked out in October) graze along the banks and magpies quarrel, but not another person is in sight. Not yet, at any rate.

The hard fishermen of the Rio Grande do not appear until late in the day. They arrive with the shadows, after the porcupine, when the temperature has dropped 10°. Hard fishermen don't hike in like

mad fishermen, nor do they glide in like the soft pretenders. They bounce down the cliff in jeeps, a compromise mode of travel in which they suffer all the jarring sensations of a hike while being transported on four wheels to the part of the river they like to fish best, that part lying midway between Arsenic Springs and the bridge—compromise water, neither too accessible nor too inaccessible.

Hard fishermen are the Rio Grande's regular producers. They have fished it for years. They know its likes and dislikes, where the fish are and what flies to use when. They don't fret and fume like mad fishermen, nor do they go to sleep like soft fishermen. Their strategy is calm perseverance. They know the Rio Grande is no miracle river: a good river, yes, but a river you have to fish at the right time and in the right way if you want to take its best fish.

The best time, unquestionably, is early fall, when the big browns have spawned and are prowling the river for food. The air is cool then. Aspens flame on the hill-sides. And fishing is a joy from morning until night. But during the summer the time to fish the river is late in the day when the warm currents begin to cool. Compared to most eastern trout streams, the Rio Grande is still a fast river. But the fish do not seem to know this, at least not the big fish. They lie still and deep, waiting for evening.

Hard fishermen wait too, killing the time by earning a living. Selling insurance, painting, teaching, hilling teeth—these are useful things to know how to do in summer. They help pass the dog hours. Taos, where a lot of the hard fishermen live, is a good town to wait in. You can watch the shadows sliding down the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. When they reach a certain point, you know it's time to start packing the jeep.

Hard fishermen usually get to the river about 5 and stay until 8 or 9, long after the sun has set and a starry lid dropped shut over the box. They travel in fours, two to fish upstream, two to fish down. More than that would be awkward, less than that could be dangerous. No matter how well you know the box it is not a safe place to be after dark. Besides, four fishermen can cover more water than one, and hard fishermen believe in being thorough. In three hours they will cover about three miles in each direction, then they will turn around and fish back, covering the same water a second time. All

trips end at the jeep, where they began. Matches flare in the darkness and catches are displayed. Hard fishermen are not subject to the incoherency that overcomes mad fishermen at the sight of a good fish. They admire, but never rave. If the catch is mediocre, as it generally is in summer, the tone is equally calm. When two meet, one of them will say, "I hope you did better than I did, Dave." And Dave will reply, "I did lousy."

"How lousy?"

"Three small fish."

"I whipped you by two."

"Any size?"

"One'll go 17 inches, I guess. Nothing to brag about."

"I raised one good fish and lost him, a rainbow."

"How good?"

"Three or four pounds. The damn leader broke."

"Too bad. How did the sheriff make out?"

This particular midsummer night scene, one of many along the Rio Grande each year, occurred at the end of a trip that originated in Taos. Dave Polson, an insurance salesman, Emil Bestram, an artist, and Uvaldo Sandoval, the sheriff of Taos County, met outside a café on the edge of town and loaded their gear into a jeep owned by P. D. Allen, a former schoolteacher, who normally uses his vehicle to haul tourists over scenic mountain roads.

From Taos to the river is about an hour's drive, most of it across a dry mesa where sage is the only vegetation and small herds of underfed cattle plod aimlessly across the horizon. The road, consisting of two tire tracks, leads straight to the rim of the gorge. There Allen stopped and put the jeep in four-wheel drive, while Polson, who sat next to him, fastened a safety belt across the door opening on his side.

Six hundred feet below, the Rio Grande, glinting in the late afternoon sun, curled toward the sea between the canyon's rough gray walls. The trail clung to the eastern wall and groped its way to the bottom on a series of switchbacks. It carried the jeep down the way a following wave carries a ship, with the front tilted forward until Bestram and Sandoval, who occupied the rear seats, looked straight out into space. They had made the descent too many times to question whether the jeep would stay upright, but still they leaned away from the void even

continued

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while they quietly conversed of fish and flies—and of vehicles which had failed and been pulled out of the gorge on steel cables.

The pace was too slow to register on the speedometer. Allen kept well to the high side of the trail. Occasionally he would scrape a jut of rock and ask Polson whether he could come over an inch. "You can come over a foot if you want to." But Allen never wanted to. An inch was as much as he would give up, and that grudgingly.

The penultimate switchback occurred near the bottom. Here the trail swung on itself with devastating fury, dropping three feet for every one foot forward and forcing Allen to back up before he could get around. It was a shuddering maneuver, with the tires spewing dirt and the bumper nudging space. But after that the incline relaxed. It still went down, but at a less cruel angle, and the trail, grinding its way to the bottom between boulders and heaps of loose rock, looked less like a dry waterfall.

Bisstram got out before the others. His favorite water lay downstream, a half mile below where Allen would leave the jeep, and rather than waste time by fishing the water in between, which he had found over the years to be unproductive, he followed a foot trail south. The trail carried him under the shadow of the opposing cliff, where the air smelled of water and grass grew between the enormous boulders that composed the eastern bank. He walked until he came to the tail end of a pool that whipped down between two stone ledges. There he sat down and assembled his rod.

The Rio Grande does not invite delicacy. Cramped and hurried, it is rarely still long enough to float a dry fly. Bisstram uses wet flies exclusively, tied on either a No. 6 or a No. 8 hook. His favorites are the Gray Hackle Peacock and the E. J. Bisstram Special Badger, a fly that carries his name and looks like a Black Gnat with some white around the eye of the hook. His leaders are short and heavy and never tapered. He begins with the small size and changes to the large flies at dusk.

He was using a Peacock and a Badger when he caught his first fish. He had cast to the middle of the river and let the current carry the flies next to a rock in the center of the riffle. At the end of the drift, some 10 feet below the rock, just as the line straightened out, a trout rose,

flashing, and struck. Since it was many pounds lighter than the leader, Bisstram quickly brought it ashore, dropped it into a canvas bag he carries over his shoulders, and walked on.

In order to cover the three miles he intended to cover, he had to fish fast. The light was going now, and there was a pool he wanted to reach before the light had gone completely. This meant passing up stretches as good-looking as any on the river, but he had fished them before and knew they were not as good as others ahead. It also meant spending no more than a few cents on any one place.

Fishing styles are generally the result of the water one fishes. Bisstram's brusqueness, which is characteristic of Rio Grande fishing, is a luxury few eastern trout fishermen can afford, simply because their rivers are not as big and generous. But the Rio Grande doesn't care whether you slap the water. It likes to make noise itself.

It roared as it tumbled into the big hole Bisstram likes to fish at dusk. He had come three miles now, and he watched the sky darken over his head and felt the air grow steadily cooler. The water was the same color as the sky—like a long, narrow piece of slate laid between two rapids—and just as flat. He had been here on some evenings when there were so many fish rising that the surface looked choppy, but that was not the case today. He buttoned his coat against the chill and waded a few feet from the bank. His first cast was upstream. As soon as the line touched the water, the strong current pulled it under. By the time it floated down to where he was, the lower fly, a Badger, was scraping the bottom. The line went past him taut. Near the end of the drift the rod tip, which was already bent under the weight of the current, bent even lower, as a heavy fish hooked itself and started up. It was a big rainbow. Bisstram saw it jump, then began feeding line. The fish was going upstream against the current, but even so it was going faster than a faulty reel would give up line, and within seconds it had broken the leader—a 10-pound test leader, at that.

It was, as Bisstram later told Dave Polson, a big fish.

The sheriff, when he returned to the jeep, had five rainbows and two browns to show, all of them between 12 and 16 inches. But what else would you expect in midsummer on the Rio Grande? **END**



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For golden cocktail hours

By the way, Italy won again

The cheating scandal that exploded in Buenos Aires on the last day of the World Championship so dwarfed the story of Italy's seventh straight victory that this achievement was virtually overlooked.

Italy trounced both Great Britain and Argentina but had a much more difficult time with the U.S. team, which went into the final 48 deals with a lead of five International Match Points over the heavily favored Italians. That lead evaporated on the first two deals of the day, however, and in the first 14-board session of the final round Italy outscored the Americans 42 to 9 to build a 28-point edge. For the second 14 deals of the day Captain John Gerber shuffled his lineup, resting Dorothy Hayden and B. Jay Becker, who had played consistently well throughout, and used Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt against Giorgio Belladonna and Walter Avarelli, and Ivan Erdos and Kelsey Peterson against Pietro Forquet and Benito Garozzo. A 12-IMP rally shaved Italy's lead to 16 IMPs, but U.S. hopes dissolved in the crucial last session as Italy scored 74 IMPs while holding our team to a mere 16. And that was that.

For Italy, Massimo D'Alelio and Camillo Pabis-Tagei outscored Belladonna and Avarelli, but, as usual, Forquet and Garozzo played best of all and were unanimously selected as winners of a special award to the tournament's best pair. Forquet, rated by some handbooks

as the top performer of our day, is a devotee of the pass as an offensive weapon; in the aggressive Benito Garozzo, he seems to have found an ideal partner.

In the deal shown below, from the final day's play, it was not until the Italians bid and made an optimistic five diamonds that the commentators realized there was any possibility of game in the hand.

When Becker and Mrs. Hayden played the North-South cards, they reached a three-spade contract. West led the 4 of diamonds, East took the ace and returned the 6, and Mrs. Hayden had to guess whether the opening lead was low from the queen or was a singleton. She elected to play the king, saw it ruffed by West and could not escape losing two trumps and another diamond, for down one and a minus 50. The Italians were more ambitious:

WEST (Leventritt)	NORTH (Forquet)	EAST (Schenken)	SOUTH (Garozzo)
PASS	2♥	DOUBLE	REDOUBLE
3♠	PASS	PASS	3♦
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	4♦
PASS	5♦	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: queen of clubs

Garozzo won the club with dummy's ace, led the spade 7 and successfully finessed the queen. He ruffed a spade in dummy, returned a diamond and won the trick with the jack when East played low. Another spade ruff put the lead in dummy for a second diamond lead. East rose with the ace and continued clubs, but South won the trick with the king, cashed his king of diamonds and ran good spades until East ruffed with the high trump. The defenders got just two trump tricks, and the Italians netted 450 points for another 10 IMPs.

To my amazement, one of the players in Buenos Aires boasted to Howard Schenken, "My partner and I would like to get Garozzo and Forquet on a slow boat to China."

"Sure," said Howard, affably. "But how would you get back?"

END

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NORTH		EAST	
♠ 7		♠ K J 10 9	
♥ A J 10 9 7 3		♥ Q	
♦ 8 7 5 2		♦ A Q 3 6	
♣ A 5		♣ 10 7 6 4	
WEST		SOUTH	
♠ 6 2		♠ A Q 8 5 4 3	
♥ K 8 6 5 3		♥ 4	
♦ 4		♦ K J 10 3	
♣ Q J 9 8 3		♣ K 2	



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That's why I say, "We're not a car company.
We're not a car company. To have a car
that would shake him \$457
to make the roof down to 10 miles
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can't see. You can't see it."

Year of the dagger at Devon

The Devon (Pa.) horse show, scene in 1964 of a near riot by rebellious exhibitors (SI, June 15, 1964), this year featured the stabbing of a trainer just outside the show ring. Despite such unscheduled activities and the fact that there were more horses (1,239), more days (eight) and more spectators than ever, the huge, complex event ran in commendably brisk fashion.

Some of the show's polish can be credited to Jim Fallon, the newly named manager, and to the improved facilities on the grounds. In addition, after years of complaints about the "same old Devon courses," the jumpers were offered brand-new designs, which received a mixed welcome from exhibitors and members of the show committee. "Another four dollars shot," groaned Treasurer Frank Ellis as the crack of a breaking pole reached his ears. Not only did it seem that an exceptionally high number of poles and standards were splintered, but that more horses than usual had falls. Even the indomitable Untouchable and Kathy Kusner went down, but the chestnut gelding still emerged as the show's champion jumper by a healthy point margin.

It was, in fact, very much Kathy Kusner's show. Riding Patrick Butler's three top jumpers—Fire One, That's Right and Untouchable—Kathy and a Butler horse won a blue each of the first four days, and on one occasion Butler jumpers finished one, two and three. "I just love to read the morning papers these days," said Butler on Friday after Untouchable had won the Punnett Class at 6 feet 6 inches.

But that night the Butler luck changed, if you can call placing second a failure. Although Untouchable won no more blues, he was in the ribbons in the last three classes and very easily was the jumper champion. Another Butler horse, Fire One, was the reserve after a jump-off. Oddly enough, not a single open class was won by a professional rider. Danny Lopez, Frank Chapot and Jim Day each won one of the three classes that Kathy did not.

The Conformation Hunter Division

was totally dominated by one horse, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cunningham's Cap and Gown. The superb bay gelding retired four challenge trophies, got a second leg on two others and, of course, was champion with more points than any horse had ever amassed at Devon. His only defeat was in a special (no point) lady's class where he was second to Igilde, an easy-moving bay mare of uncertain age, who won her 42nd Working Hunter championship for Owner Sallie Motch.

Raymond Firestone, whose attention was divided between Indianapolis and Devon, came up a winner in both places. His Noble Savage, with Dave Kelley aboard, won over a field of 78 in the Green Working Hunter Division. A gray son of Native Dancer, Noble Savage had been a flop on the racetrack and was rejected by the USET. Now at last he has found his meter, with a tricolor ribbon to prove it.

The stabbing on Wednesday was apparently the open flaring of a feud that had been smoldering for months in the best *Trail of the Lonesome Pine* tradition. Early in the year, Wendell (Tinker) Jones was fired as trainer by Greystone Manor Stables, but before he received his last paycheck he had fired Forrest Gibson, the second trainer. When Redd Crabtree arrived to take Jones's place, he promptly rehired Gibson. The daughter of Greystone's owner, Ruth Louise Stoltzfus, announced her engagement to Charles Jones, Tinker's brother, and quit riding her father's horses. All was quiet until the Lancaster show, which preceded Devon. There Tinker bumped Redd on a Greystone horse in one class, and he ran into him again at Devon. On the rail Gibson shouted at Tinker, who yelled back and later leaped off his horse and onto Gibson. What happened next varies with the witness, but Tinker was stabbed—a superficial wound in the side—and Gibson, pleading his innocence, was arrested, although no weapon ever was located. Jones went to the hospital, and Gibson was released on bail. The Devon fans can hardly wait for next year.

END

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Chipping away at U.S. apathy

Two foreign teams draw an SRO crowd in New York as signs appear of a surge on the scholastic level

Desperate and frustrated, they just sat there in their cars on the Triborough Bridge, searching for running room and fulminating in Spanish and Italian, and only now and then could one hear that special brand of invective typical of the trapped New York City motorist. All of them were trying to get to Downing Stadium, a dismal, disfigured edifice of discomfort on Randall's Island in the East River. What could possibly be happen-

ing in Downing Stadium? A concert by Xavier Cugat? A Rotten-style execution of the producers of *The Untouchables* sponsored by the Sons of Italy, maybe? *Manuwa mia!* Not a soccer game! Soccer in this country is just a chapter in *The Encyclopedia of Sports*. Nevertheless, there they were, all those frantic, grouching people eagerly trying to become traffic statistics just to see a soccer game.

It was not an ordinary soccer game, however. Joe's Bar and Grill was not mooring Max Blöb's for the right to drain a keg of beer—compliments of the loser—after the game. No, this was the "Dream Game," the "Match of the Century," the American Soccer League publicists emoted. This was A.C. Milan of Italy and Santos of Brazil, two teams which you may or may not be aware of, depending on the attention you pay to the two-paragraph fillers in your local paper. Milan and Santos are preeminent in international soccer, and to New Yorkers of Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and German extraction, steeped in the nuances and moved by the thrills of the

game, it is gross ignorance not to know this. For them the appearance of the two teams was like the Irish bars on Third Avenue suddenly returning to the old and fondly remembered tradition of free lunch.

Last week 23,000 people turned out for the Milan-Santos game, bringing with them cushions for the hard stone on which they would have to sit, firecrackers and banners proclaiming their national ties. In the stands they jabbered about the esthetics of the game and, as they occasionally reacted with frightening hysteria at an outrage committed by a player or a blunder by an official, one could hardly doubt that the head of an incarcerated Dane had once been used as a soccer ball on some long-ago English playing field. Others played bongo drums, and all of them tenaciously clung to their sitting and standing space; nobody moved at the half despite the cries of beer vendors who were trapped in the runways leading into the stands.

Milan and Santos tied 1-1 and, despite certain provocations, the fans remained relatively docile. If they had not, Downing Stadium would have been leveled, a prospect that seemed not entirely unpleasant at the time. The players and referees, regrettably, would have been in a perilous situation. There are no iron doors in the stadium locker rooms as in Lima, Peru, where similar portals saved the players from annihilation in the riot of 1964. Nor is there a moat, as in Rio de Janeiro, separating the playing field from the stands. Anyway, who ever heard of a riot over soccer in the U.S.?

The fans left quickly, their eyes surely strained from lighting that would have suited a Class D ball park, and they were only mildly dissatisfied. The Brazilian Pelé, probably the finest soccer player in the world, had not played. Seventeen thousand tickets had been sold before the promoters decided to tell the people—two days before the match—that Pelé would not make the trip. Those who were not aware of this were advised by signs on the stadium walls that they could get a refund. The game itself, although marked by patches of brilliance, consummate passing and balletlike footwork, for the most part left the fans unmoved. They saw cautious, defensive soccer that steadily dulled their emotions. Neither team apparently was going to risk injuries in a



TYING GOAL BY SANTOS OF BRAZIL ELUDES THE MILAN GOALIE AT DOWNING STADIUM

game that amounted to nothing more than an exhibition.

The attendance at the game, however, does raise an old question. Is soccer, called "the world's most popular sport," finally succeeding in chipping away at the apathy of the people of this country? Can it become a national sport? New York, made up of many ethnic groups that look upon soccer as other Americans regard baseball, cannot provide an accurate answer. Aided by a large local population to partially offset the conflict with more popular sports, the International Soccer League has been relatively successful, drawing 200,000 fans last year and more than a million in its five years of operation. But how would the game do elsewhere? The ISL relies on the appeal of topnotch foreign teams. What about American soccer?

There is now serious discussion concerning the organization of a national professional league, composed of 10 teams, by 1967. It will, to be sure, be a monumental job just to put the league in flight. Dearth of native talent and the powerful competition from other major sports are just a couple of obstacles blocking the success of professional soccer in this country. Nevertheless, optimism abounds among enthusiasts, much of it based on the grass-roots growth at the college and secondary-school level which could eventually provide the talent and the audience.

If success were achieved in the professional sport, it would be quite startling. Even in soccer's more popular days in this country it was a game that appealed to immigrants who missed the old country and, lacking cars and radio sets, had nothing else to do on a Sunday afternoon. Following World Wars I and II—when immigration to the U.S. was high—soccer was able to struggle along. There were good players among the newcomers and fans who appreciated them. Then immigration dwindled, television came along and harassed husbands finally consented to the wishes of their wives, who preferred a drive in the country in the new car on Sunday afternoon. Players became scarce, amateur play dropped off and professional leagues collapsed one after another. All that remains now are a few amateur and semipro leagues in a few cities. They are in existence only because of a handful of oldtimers who

have developed a fondness for the feeling of an exhausted body and because some neighborhood social clubs persist in using soccer as a hangover cure following Saturday-night beer and pizza parties.

Soccer officials concerned with developing American players are no less persistent. Today more than 250 colleges and 2,000 secondary schools play the game, though for some of them this is simply a matter of economics; they cannot afford the cost of football. It is only a slight exaggeration to say that all a school needs to conduct a soccer program is a ball. The most significant development in soccer in the past decade has occurred in St. Louis, which has long been something of a soccer center. Even there, however, college soccer was dormant until 1959. A year earlier, a group of students had started an informal club at St. Louis University and requested \$200 from the school. Robert Guelker, still the coach, arranged for his team to play nearby college groups, and one day in late fall they attracted 1,200 people in 15° weather. The university was impressed, and soccer was made a varsity sport in 1959. That year Guelker's boys beat the top teams in the country and won the National Collegiate title. They repeated in 1960, 1962 and 1963. This past season they lost out to Navy in the semifinals.

"I've got a built-in fan system," says Guelker. "There are nine different classifications of players in St. Louis, and we start them mighty young. The first age group is 6 to 8 years old. All in all, probably 10,000 to 12,000 people of all ages play soccer in St. Louis, and of that number 8,700 of them are under 21."

Obviously, more kids are playing the game, but it is improbable that a picture of Milan's Tanases Amarello will ever appear on a bubble gum card or that people will ever exterminate each other over an out-of-bounds call at Downing Stadium. Nor is it likely that the prophecy made 25 years ago at a coaches' convention of the Nebraska State Teachers Association will be realized. "Fifty years from now," the speaker proclaimed, "soccer will supplant football as it is now played in the colleges." The speaker was Branch Rickcy. You remember—he was Gusie Busch's adviser last year.

END

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pick it up, especially now, and if he were a French promoter Jazy would have no choice. Snell foraged into a tray of breaded shrimp, dipped one in duck sauce and held it up to his mouth, smiling. "I hope you are right," he said. (The word from Paris the next day, however, was that Jazy has this vacation planned for July and will not be available for competition.)

After awhile Clarke and Snell got around to talking theory. Distance runners are big on theory. Snell said he was still a believer in peaks, that a man, especially like himself, really gets up for only two or three events a year and other times he is at the mercy of his reserve. He said it was altogether possible that since he had not run a creditable 800 (or 800 meters) since the Olympics, it might be that he was now better prepared for the mile.

Clarke, on the other hand, said he did not believe in peaks at all. He believes, rather, in steady improvement and can chart this on a graph with himself as the example. "If," he said, "you can improve until the body deteriorates or, in some cases, until you reach a mental block." In training they are equally opposed. Snell does a lot of speed work, running to improve at short distances. Clarke runs nothing but long distances. He is a tireless trainer, and not since he began has he missed more than two days consecutively. Well then, someone asked, what do you do when you are injured—a muscle pull, a charley horse? What do you do then? "I run."

Australians were disappointed that Clarke, now 28, did not win one of three races he entered at Tokyo—he was third in the 10,000 meters, ran out in the 5,000 and the marathon—and he has been bugged by people who insist he should have reached his peak then instead of now. "It is very simple to me," he says. "I was at my best then. Now I am simply running better. Here, I can show you on the chart."

Clarke is also bugged by Herb Elliott's opinion that he "lacks a killer instinct." Clarke says he suspects people who sulk after a race. "When it is over it is over. The time to think, to worry, is beforehand. The competition is the thing, anyway, not the bloody result."

A stamina runner, and a deep thinker, Clarke does not have anything close to a sprinter's speed—his best at 440 yards is 53.1. He plots endlessly. At Compton

a week before, when he lowered the world three-mile and 5,000-meter records (51, June 14), he ran at a steady, memorable pace, with lap times that read like a predicted log: 63.5 seconds, 64.5, 64.5, etc. Facing the American gold-medal winners, Schul (5,000 meters) and Mills (10,000 meters), at Toronto, he altered the plot, figuring that neither runner would set the pace. "They are sitters," he said for print, hoping to goad them into a front race. "But I know better," he said privately. "They are also experienced in newspaper talk." He said this time he would surge—he would slow and then quicken the pace as he saw fit. And on the sixth lap, Clarke surged. He ran it in 59.7, and though an American, Ron Larrea—who is being trained by Mihaly Igloi—followed, he put 25 yards between himself and Mills and Schul, and the race was won. He surged again on the 10th lap to eliminate Larrea, and he won by half the length of a football field, in this Canadian case, 55 yards.

Mills closed fast to finish third. At 13:12, he was 12 seconds faster than he had ever been at that distance, but he chided himself for failing to respond when Clarke surged. "It is that split-second decision that is the difference," says Clarke. "You must decide immediately, else it could be too late."

Mills has been on a grand banquet tour since his Olympic victory, which he likes to call The Big Fluke. "because nobody believes it to this day." He is just now getting back down to running weight (151 pounds) and is still trying to work out a pulled stomach muscle which, he says, was not from overeating but from jumping over 35 ditches in a cross-country event in Italy. He has spent only four weekends at home since Tokyo. Schul still complains of a knee injury, and his troubles were compounded at Toronto when he sprained a ligament in his right foot four days before the three-mile race. He hobbled in last, but he is a believer in peaks, too, and says he is getting up to his.

After the race, Clarke—patient, grateful man—stood for 45 minutes in the infield signing autographs. He had to caution the pressing crowd on etiquette, keeping in line and the like, but one boy who could not face so long a wait said to another who had just emerged with his prize, "Tell you what, I'll give you two Billy Mills for one Ron Clarke." Fame is measured in many ways.

END

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NIGHT OF THE ONE-EYED DEVILS

BY JAMES LIPSCOMB

A vacationing party of eastern climbers, anticipating nothing more than a fast, simple ascent of a western mountain, is trapped on the storm-lashed face of Wyoming's Grand Teton. Their will to survive gives way to madness and death, while rangers bottle rock falls and glass-slick glaciers in a gigantic rescue

Whenever a mountain climb turns from adventure to disaster it becomes a twofold drama. There is the travail of the imperiled group high on the peak, and at the same time there develops in a far distant setting the plot's other thread, the rescue. Like the action on the mountain, the rescue, too, is a human thing of bravery, endurance, danger, folly and luck—both good luck and bad. Eventually the two scenes join, rescuer meets rescued and the fate of all is linked at last. But much goes before. The rescue on the Grand Teton, one of the most difficult in U.S. climbing history, was no exception to the pattern.

By the morning of July 28, 1962 the 10 stranded climbers of the Appalachian Mountain Club party—now separated into two groups—had been climbing the 13,766-foot Grand Teton for 53 hours. They had left a base camp at Petzoldt's Caves before dawn on July 26 and should have been back to it by 5 p.m. the same day. Instead, 40 hours later, they were all but immobile, roped to the face of the mountain as a storm raged. And in the meantime, on a glacier far below, the first tentative attempt of rescuers to establish contact with them already had failed. George Kelly, a

continued

Thomas B. Allen

student at the University of Michigan and a climbing ranger in the Grand Teton National Park during the summer, had set out on the morning of July 27 from Jenny Lake Ranger Station shortly after receiving the first report of the overdue group. He had reached the Petzoldt's Caves camp area at 12:15 p.m. None of the climbers sheltered there from the bad weather had heard or seen the missing group since the preceding day.

Kelly organized two search parties—one to go up toward the western slopes of the mountain, the other to try Teepee's Glacier directly above. By 3 p.m. those on Teepee's had seen what they thought were three climbers apparently stranded near a snowfield called the Otter Body. Kelly reported this information by walkie-talkie to ranger headquarters and was told to start up.

He had, unexpectedly, an extraordinarily powerful reinforcement. Barry Corbet, a professional guide and one of the great climbers of North America, had come loping up the trail. Corbet had climbed in most of the ranges of the U.S. and Canada. He had helped open up a new route on the south face of Mount McKinley in Alaska and had already been chosen for the 1963 Everest Expedition. He was going to meet a party that he was scheduled to lead up the Grand Teton on the following day. Normally he would have climbed to the base camp area with his party, but he had been involved the night before in the rescue of a young schoolteacher with a broken ankle, and this delayed him.

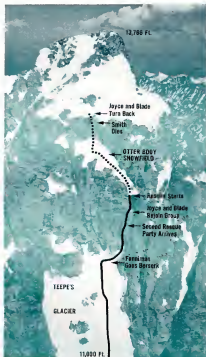
He joined Kelly and they set out to make a reconnaissance of Teepee's Glacier. They followed the tracks of Ellis Blade, leader of the AMC group, and his party across the glacier to a large couloir. It seemed a most unlikely route for Blade to have selected, but they started up. As the sun set, the storm that had begun in the afternoon increased in violence, and Corbet found a dead bird, apparently killed by the cold. In six years in the Tetons he had never seen that before. Part way up the couloir, Kelly and Corbet halted to talk. By then they knew that they could not possibly reach the climbers before dark and, inexplicably, Kelly had left his down-filled jacket behind and had no way to keep warm. He and Corbet turned back.

Knowing what he does now, Corbet is not easy on himself for that decision. "I am sure we have both regretted it since," he says. "It is hard to separate rationalization from fact, hard to decide whether we were thinking more of our own comfort or of the difficulties of continuing. We would not have made it up the couloir before dark, yet we would have been a great help had we arrived early the next day. But faced by a bivouac in that rockfall couloir, soaked as we were and knowing only that they were overdue, which happens all the time, we decided to go back." The first rescue effort had ended.

On the afternoon of July 27, shortly after Ellis Blade had separated his struggling party into two groups in order to seek help, Douglas McLaren, district ranger for the national park in Moose, Wyo., began to fear that he faced the possibility of a major mountain disaster. Kelly had

reported the sighting of three climbers on the Otter Body snowfield. This meant the Blade party had split, and that seven others must be stranded elsewhere. The worst mid-summer storm in 20 years was roaring around the peaks, and McLaren knew that the Appalachian Mountain Club climbers, who had already spent one freezing night on the peak, could not be reached in the night to come or perhaps even found the following day. He decided then that only an extraordinarily tough and large rescue operation could save the group. He knew, too, that trying to save the climbers in the storm might cost the lives of some of the rescuers he would send.

McLaren ordered a pack team dispatched to Petzoldt's Caves with enough tents, food and sleeping bags for rescuers and rescued. He decided that four climbers, himself



This is the route of retreat and rescue. The dotted line shows movements of Blade and Joyce until they reached the main couloir.

included, would constitute an advance party ready to move at first light the next morning. Luckily, he could call upon a group of America's finest mountaineers for help. With him in the advance party would be:

Pete Sinclair, 26, an English major at the University of Wyoming who had been a "climbing bum" for years before settling down to finish college. Tall, with the spare build that does well in the mountains, he had helped discover the new route up Mount McKinley with Corbet and had climbed all over the U.S. and Canada. He had also been on dozens of rescues, so many that, as he sometimes said, no corpse would ever bother him again.

Sterling Neale, 23, who had guided professionally for two years. He had started climbing at Dartmouth. "I had to take physical education," he said, "and I could not stand team sports like football and basketball, so I tried climbing. By the second quarter I was teaching climbing, and the third quarter I quit school to climb for a year."

Jim Greig, 25, a student at the University of Colorado who had climbed in the Alps and also in the Tetons, where his ability had qualified him for a job with the rangers.

McLaren, Sinclair, Neale and Greig met at the base of Garnet Canyon trail at 7 p.m. on July 27. Coming up later with more rescue equipment and food were Rangers Maurice Horn and Mike Earnth and Professional Guides Al Read, Fred Wright, Pete Lev and Jake Breitenbach. Another guide, Herb Swedlund, was already at the caves. In addition, the rangers called for volunteers at the climbing campground and were joined by Roland Fleck, a doctor, and Bill Briggs, Pete Koedt and Dave Dorman—all experienced mountaineers.

Sinclair, Greig, McLaren and Neale set off at 4 a.m. the next morning and by 10:30 had reached the base of the giant couloir that the Blade party had gone up. As they approached they could hear a continuous rockfall coming down it. They discussed briefly whether that could possibly be the route taken by the missing climbers. Greig felt that it was, but Sinclair said that nobody would take a party up such a dangerous couloir. The 10 climbers must, the rescuers reasoned, have gone up the Smith couloir nearby.

They traversed to the Smith couloir, which was on their left, and Sinclair and Greig started up it. Then they heard shouts from high above the giant couloir, and they saw the stranded party for the first time. Sinclair and Greig had chosen the wrong couloir to climb, and it cost two hours. They had to rappel down to the glacier and come back to the giant couloir.

Because of the danger of rockfall, McLaren and Neale waited on the glacier while Sinclair and Greig once again started up. Far above them, the main group of seven climbers had not moved all day from the tiny ledge where they had spent their second exposed night on the mountain face. Dawn had come, and 65-year-old Lester Gerner, leaning up against Griffith June, had begged for water and room to lie down and die. Mary Blade and Lydia June rubbed and pounded him. Someone found some bread in a pack, but no-

body succeeded in swallowing it. Griffith June, shaking violently, could no longer feel his feet, and his fingers were too numb to unlace his boots. Hours passed. Someone asked what time it was. Lydia June remembers wondering, "What time is it! What time is it! What difference does it make!"

Meanwhile, as the sun rose, Ellis Blade, the exhausted leader, Charles Joyce and assistant leader Stephen Smith began to move from a ledge 400 feet above, where they had spent the night. They had been the strongest, and they had gone up toward the summit hoping to find other climbers who could help, or even reach the top and take an easy route down the other side of the Grand Teton to get aid. But mountains do not bow to hopes; mountains destroy those who have nothing left but hopes.

"I'll try this pitch again," said Blade.

Joyce, recalling what followed, remembers looking into Smith's dazed eyes, realizing that he was far gone and saying, "Steve will never be able to climb."

"Of course he will," said Blade. "We have got to get him moving."

So Joyce reached deep into his pack and pulled out a can of pineapple, one he had hidden there before the climb began. The three shared the fruit. Smith could not move his fingers to hold the pineapple pieces. He opened his mouth and Joyce dropped them in, chunk by chunk. Then they drank the juice.

Again, Blade started to climb. Smith's eyes were blank, his skin colorless. Air rasped in his throat. Joyce, recognizing the symptoms of shock, called after Blade, "Smith can't climb."

"Let's not talk about it," Blade said. Blade moved very slowly. Joyce, standing behind Smith and belaying Blade with one hand, reached down with the other to put his arm around Smith. But Smith threw his arms over his head to push Joyce off. Joyce tried again. Smith threw up his arms again, hitting Joyce in the face.

A glove fell off Smith's hand, dropping 10 feet down the slope. Joyce retrieved it and tried to get it back on, but Smith's hand was stiffened into a claw and Joyce could not get the glove on it. Joyce called up to Blade, "I think he's dying."

"Don't talk like that," said Blade. "I don't want you to say anything like that again."

Joyce watched. Blade was still climbing very slowly above them. Finally he called down, "All right, come on up."

Joyce answered, "Smith's dead."

Blade climbed down. "This is terrible," he said. He forced Smith's mouth open and blew air into his lungs.

"He's not coming back to life," Joyce said.

The two tied Smith's body in its bright-red parka to the ledge. Then they began climbing upward again. "It was the first time," recalls Joyce, "that we really moved fast." A hundred feet of progress brought them to the top of the couloir. They now faced the East Ridge snowfield, still 1,000 feet below the summit. A foot of new snow rested on top of the old crust.

continued

"This snow won't hold," said Blade.

"Let's traverse, then," said Joyce, "over to those rocks."

"The route is to the right," Blade said.

"Well, don't just stand there. What do you want to do?" said Joyce. Blade cast about, unable to decide. Turn back now? What could that mean to Ellis Blade, the leader who had insisted that going up was the only safe way for the party to get down? Blade turned to Joyce, looking past him to the valley below.

Then Joyce took Blade by the shoulder. "We are going down, down, down!" Joyce said. "And this time we are going all the way." And the two men started down.

For three days Blade had led all the pitches, taking the most exposed and dangerous positions. In descending, the first man down a slope can be protected from above and normally the more experienced climber would take the second position. But Blade, no leader now, was moving down first, with Joyce belaying him.

Meanwhile, the two lead men in the rescue party, Sinclair and Greig, had managed to get up the giant couloir, an ascent that Sinclair remembers as relatively difficult by mountaineering standards and very dangerous because of the loose rock. "We looked up," Sinclair says, "and saw a man [John Fenniman] moving around above us. The other six were huddled motionless under ponchos. When only two of them stuck their heads out to look at us, it really scared me."

Lester Germer had seen the red hard hats of the rescuers on Teepee's Glacier in the morning and says he knew that help was coming. But, strangely, this idea was never communicated to the rest of the party. When some of the others saw Sinclair and Greig they had the semidelirious notion that the newcomers were just a couple of climbers. "Can you imagine another party coming up in this weather?" Mary Blade had said.

The final 160 feet up to the party was difficult even for Greig and Sinclair, and could be made safer and faster with a belay from above. Sinclair shouted to Fenniman to throw down the end of a rope. "Then," says Sinclair, "we began to feel nervous about Fenniman. He stood there and swung the rope forever, as though he were doing it in slow motion. When he let go, it only fell about 15 feet. So we asked him to climb down a little to the top of another ledge and throw from there. He stared off into space. Then he said, 'I won't. I won't.' We told him to stay where he was."

By the time Sinclair and Greig reached Fenniman it was about 1 p.m., and the AMC climbers had been on the mountain for 57 hours. The memory of that meeting with the rangers left oddly different details in different minds. Lydia June remembered the canned apricots Pete Sinclair gave them. "Each of us got one slice and a little juice and some C-ration biscuit," Charles Kellogg, who even through the second night had not felt the situation was critical, now understood that he was going to be "rescued," and he felt embarrassed. Mary Blade cheerfully suggested that the party had been foiled by Germer's breakdown, that he could

not climb, that they could not leave him and that otherwise they could have taken care of themselves.

Lester Germer remembers Greig and Sinclair making some disparaging remarks. All afternoon Germer had been dreaming about the hot springs in the valley below and now he asked Sinclair for hot tea. "Rescuers should always carry a thermos of hot tea," he lectured them.

Sinclair and Greig were appalled, not only at the group's lack of comprehension of the danger of its predicament, but also by the enormity of the rescue problem. "They were in very bad shape," Sinclair says. "Only Fenniman could still help himself. The rest were almost too stiff to move. Germer complained that we had not brought him any down clothing. He did not want to live. They had forced him into staying alive." Snow began to fall again.

Sinclair and Greig looked at each other. Where to begin? They faced the prospect of trying to get seven nearly helpless people off a mountain under very complex conditions. They had never faced anything comparable. They were hemmed in by two conflicting demands: the need for speed and the inescapable requirement of time to organize and carry out such a difficult operation. Only speed could save Lester Germer. He could hardly swallow liquids, and they guessed that even at that moment he might be beyond help. They estimated that another night on the mountain might kill half the rest. Some kind of descent had to be started at once.

But the AMC climbers were weak from dehydration and stiffened by frostbite and inactivity. It was doubtful that they could help themselves at all. To take them down safely, the rescuers would have to put the Appies in litters, with six to eight men on each litter. There were not that many experienced men in the Tetons, and the danger of having such a huge crew in that rotten rockfall couloir would be enormous.

Sinclair and Greig decided that there was only one way to try to save the party. They would have to lower the seven down the mountain like so many sacks of grain, rolling them off cliffs, securing them with ropes and then dropping them down sheer mountain cliffs, urging them to the next pitch and then dropping them again—in all, a slow, dangerous, hideous process. It would undoubtedly be painful, bruising and possibly fatal, but they felt they had no other choice.

Sinclair pulled the walkie-talkie from his pack to tell Douglas McLaren and Sterling Neale, waiting on the glacier below, of the desperate situation. They needed litters, food and manpower for the all-night operation ahead. The radio would not work. Sinclair shook it, shouted at it, dimmed it. But it would not work. He tried to shout down to McLaren, but the wind carried his words away. There was nothing to do now but start the rescue and hope that McLaren and Neale would guess what was needed.

Young Fenniman could still move well enough to be of

continued

1 NUMBER

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Expert rope work was doubly necessary on the ice-coated mountain, but many times rescuers could use no ropes at all.

some help, so they tied him on a slab that was two pitches—about 160 feet—below the rest of the party. From there he could lower those from above another 30 feet to a ledge that could serve as the next belay point.

"I told Fenniman exactly what to do," says Sinclair, "how Greig would lower them to me and I would lower to him, and he would belay them to the ledges. I did not know whether he could still understand me and do it, but he did. He did everything exactly as I told him and exactly the same way every time.

"We started, and it was awful. Everything took so much time. God, they would fall over and we would have to climb down and stand them up and then climb up again to start lowering them, and while we were going up they would fall over again. Janet Buckingham fell right in the stream and the ice water washed over her a long time before I could get her out of it. I thought she would die right there."

Fenniman helped again on the next pitch; then he, too, became ineffectual, and the whole rescue effort was now left to Sinclair and Greig.

"From then on," says Sinclair, "we just lowered away. Greig would tie them tightly and push them off. I kept thinking, 'We're going to kill them, we're going to kill them,' but we couldn't help it. Everything took so long, and was so painful."

The sun set, and cold, high-altitude winds sifted down from the frozen peak above. Vergas, a thin coating of ice, formed on the exposed rock. The AMC climbers slipped down more easily because of it, but the danger for Greig and Sinclair increased greatly. Unbelayed and weary, their lives in danger with every step on a climb that was not theirs and caught in a couloir so dangerous they considered being in it insane, their anger with the people they were helping boiled.

"I gave up on them," says Sinclair now. "I kept a barrier between them and me. Once I lowered the barrier long enough to help Janet Buckingham. Her Levi's were soaked and were freezing, so I got her to take them off and I wrung them out for her. Then I gave her some food I had not told them I had, and I gave her my sweater. I told her it was a \$25 sweater and she better be careful not to get it dirty. She looked at me, and I could see that she was so far gone she took me seriously. After that I really gave up on them. I worked from the ledge above. I knew that if I got involved with them and their pain I couldn't stand to work at all."

By now it was dark, and the party had descended about 400 feet. Sinclair climbed down farther in the couloir and called for help to the rescue group below. Then he climbed back up, and he and Greig lowered the party another pitch.

About this time they heard shouts from above, and Blade, clattering down on a rappel, dropped onto the ledge where Sinclair was gathering the party.

"Joyce is coming," he said.

"What about the other one?" Sinclair recalls asking.

"He's in a bad way," Blade said.

Sinclair pulled him aside. "Where is he?"

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"He's dead."

"Are you sure he's dead? Because if he isn't someone has to go try to help him."

"He died this morning," Blade said.

"Shut up about it then," Sinclair said. "Let's get these people down."

Blade squatted on the ledge beside the group. "These men are here to help us," he said. "We have to cooperate with them and do what they tell us."

Sinclair thought, "As though they had any choice."

Charles Kellogg remembers that he did not see Blade and Joyce come down. Suddenly they appeared on the ledge beside him. Blade told him that Smith had died. "Blade looked so shaken," Kellogg said, "I really felt for him then. I could not believe that Smith was dead." Griffith June saw Joyce drop down to the ledge. "His eyes were bugged," he said. "He looked like a wild animal. I wondered what they had been through."

The business of the night moved slowly on. Those below could see that Sinclair and Greig could never succeed alone, and yet they hesitated to go up to help them. The bodies being lowered down the mountain knocked loose a steady barrage of boulders that crashed down the couloir.

Finally, fully aware of the risk they were running, they decided to go up the couloir anyway. Pete Lev, Al Read, Sterling Neale, Jake Breitenbach and Herb Swedlund climbed into the couloir. Each had a miner's light on his helmet, making what looked like sparks in the great hole of the mountain.

Lev and Read were the first to reach the party. They were shocked. As longtime mountaineers they had each brought bodies down before. They were familiar with the smell of death—a peculiar acidic odor that hangs in the air about corpses. And they were appalled to find that these still breathing but helpless bundles already had that smell about them.

Pete Lev concluded that these people were already as good as dead. Trying to save them seemed hopeless and, considering the danger to the rescuers, idiotic. He found himself half wishing that, since these Appies were inevitably bound to die, they would hurry up about it.

A frightfulness so long sustained blurs in the minds of the sufferers. Lydia June recalls, sometime in the night, a rescuer urging her over the edge of a cliff, saying, "Step off, gal, someone will catch you." She rolled off and a rope caught her. "I kept wondering," she said, "why they bothered with us."

The number AMC climbers were passed down through a succession of strange hands. Most remember Jake Breitenbach, working in the worst place of all, rocks constantly crashing about him. "We always arrange to have these rescues at night," Jake said to Lydia June, "so you won't know when you are going off a cliff."

Sinclair recalls the sudden lift that seeing Breitenbach

gave him. "I got down as far as Jake," he said, "and there he was in the worst possible place, laughing and joking, and I thought, everything is going to be all right."

Breitenbach, 26, was one of those men who is happy only in the mountains. Neale, who knew him well at Dartmouth, said, "Sometimes he would get horribly depressed. He would sit and read and he would not say anything for days. He wore his climbing shoes all the time. Then suddenly he would throw down his books or whatever he was doing and go off into the mountains. He'd come back in a few days, happy, funny, relaxed, and that would last for a week. Then he would be depressed again." Breitenbach did not suffer a scratch during the Blade party rescue. The next summer, on the American Expedition to Mount Everest, he was making a routine portage when he was killed in the collapse of an ice cliff.)

By 2 a.m. the nine survivors had finally been lowered to a ledge only one pitch above Toope's Glacier, and there the rescuers ran out of rope. Pete Sinclair and Jim Greig struggled down last, both of them looking as weary and blank as the people they were helping. "I could kiss you," Sinclair said to Sterling Neale. "I'm so glad someone can take over. I've had it. The old guy keeps complaining that we don't have any hot tea. He says he wants to die. I'd let him."

Sinclair and Greig staggered on down the glacier. The ice had hardened and a misstep meant a 1,000-foot sleigh ride into the rocks. "I wasn't really scared until then," says Sinclair. "I didn't have any pure fear till then. We walked down unroped." The two rescuers had pushed themselves constantly for 22 hours. They had gone up 10 miles and 5,000 vertical feet and then engineered nine helpless people down a dangerous couloir at night. They had not killed any of them. They had not killed themselves. Their part was done.

At the top of the glacier a crew chipped into the ice, cutting a ledge large enough to hold the bodies now being lowered. Among them worked Maurice Horn, an extraordinarily tough and sensitive young mountain ranger. Everybody called him Rick. A lanky, 20-year-old Wyoming boy with a warm smile, he had been climbing for five years. At the University of Wyoming he majored in English, minored in philosophy and, like Sinclair, wrote poetry for the school's literary magazine.

"I kept looking up the couloir," he says. "It looked hideous. People were falling and banging into rocks. We could hear rocks coming down. We could hear Pete Sinclair shouting to send up ropes and litters from the caves. They would lower bodies down toward us, and the bodies would hang up on a ledge about 50 feet over our heads. Then they would slip over the edge and fall about 20 feet. I didn't like seeing them fall on their faces like that. So I jumped across the moat and ran up the rocks to try to help them down. I'd rub them and warm them up a little and try to give them some support. They were all so lifeless. I'd go up and get a body and lower it, untie it, sit it on the ledge and then rope it to the ledge. Dave Dorman and Mike Ernsthart would give them some food. The soup had small chunks of beef in

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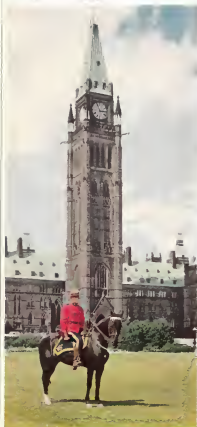
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it, and Germer could not swallow it. I kept thinking that one of them was going to fall off the ledge and get killed. And then I began thinking that I was going to fall and get killed. I wasn't roped in or anything."

Sterling Neale had descended to the ledge, and Rick asked him, "How are we going to get them down from here? They outnumber us."

"Why don't you try to rope them together?" said Neale.

Rick roped the first five together, then pushed the first body off the ledge. It slid 10 feet before taking up on the rope belay of two axes, which Horn had driven into the ice. When he had five on the rope, the ice axes bent nearly double.

"We'll have to put the other four on another rope," said Neale.

Pete Lev, a powerful guide, lowered himself about 90 feet down the glacier to try to cut a ledge into the ice. At this point the slick surface of the glacier was at an angle of about 40 degrees. Joyce was at the bottom of the first rope, then John Fenniman and, 10 feet above him, Griffith June. Suddenly Griffith June saw Fenniman slip out of the rope looped around his waist. Unroped, Fenniman started moving up the glacier.

"Where are you going?" shouted Griffith June.

"I've had enough of this. I'm going to kill the devils," said Fenniman.

Fenniman, berserk, started for Pete Lev. He grabbed Lev's ice ax and tried to push him off the ledge.

"He's trying to kill me," shouted Lev, and the two men grappled in the darkness for the ax.

Rick Horn, hearing the yelling, tied the end of a rope to an ice ax buried in the glacier and, using that as support, lowered himself toward Lev and Fenniman. He could see that they each had two hands on the ax, but Lev was at a terrible disadvantage because he was afraid of falling and Fenniman was not.

Fenniman shouted, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil," and he started for Horn. This gave Lev a chance to grab the ice ax and retreat up the cliff.

Fenniman then swung at Horn, who ducked, got behind him and looped a

rope around him. Fenniman fell, and Horn knotted the rope and clambered away. Fenniman, cursing, lurched to his feet and started up toward the rest of the party on the ledge.

Lydia June remembers seeing him scrambling toward her. She screamed, "I'm Lydia, I'm Lydia. Don't you know me?"

"I don't know any Lydia," Fenniman said, and Lydia screamed again.

For the rescuers, who were unroped and in treacherous circumstances at best, the situation had turned from frightening to hellish. Sterling Neale grabbed at Fenniman and managed to push him down the glacier. The rope stopped Fenniman's fall.

Rick Horn, standing on the ledge, looked down and shouted, "We're trying to help you!"

Fenniman lunged at his foot and screamed, "I'm going to kill all you devils!" His face was now even with the ledge, and Horn gave him a tremendous kick in the head. Fenniman collapsed on the glacier, and the rope loop around him loosened. Horn, fearful that he had killed Fenniman, lowered himself to tie the rope tighter.

"I slapped him," said Horn, "and I shouted at him. It seemed like I slapped him a million times, and he didn't move. I rubbed him. I lay on him and rubbed his ribs, and I kept hoping he was still alive. I thought, oh my God, I've killed a man."

"And then he came to. I was so glad. I kept saying to him, 'We want to help you,' and he cursed at me and started fighting again. I wanted to climb back up to the ledge and forget about him, but I couldn't, because then he might die and it would still have been me that killed him."

But the macabre scene was far from over. When it was time to try and lower the party again, Fenniman refused to move. He dug his heels in the ice and would not let himself slide. "I got fed up finally, and I slugged him," says Horn. "Then he was easy to handle until he came to again. Every time he came to, he would start fighting, so I sat on him and rode him down the mountain. When he got to hurting me too bad, I'd knock

him out again. Then I would be afraid I had killed him and I would rub him to bring him back to consciousness."

"Pretty soon I got the dry heaves. I was moaning and everyone thought I was dying and I was so scared and thinking, what am I doing here? I tried not to think. I knew I should be roped in and why was I taking all these chances, riding this madman down the side of a mountain? The more exhausted I got, the more I began thinking about my own hide."

The eastern sky was now washing from black to purple, and the lowerings continued, now faster as the slope lessened. By dawn the party had reached a safe level. Rick Horn and Sterling Neale never left Fenniman until the slope eased at the bottom of the glacier. Then others helped get Fenniman's wet clothes off, wrapped him in a sleeping bag and tied him in a litter.

As Fenniman's body warmth returned, so did his senses. He remembered his attack as a dream. He said he thought he was dead and trying to get to heaven. He saw devils (the rescuers) with one eye (the moving lamps) trying to lower him down to hell. He knew that he had to kill them to get to heaven. They seemed very strong, but he knew that God would help him.

Throughout the rescue, remarkably, no one had died. From the Meadows, which is below Petzoldt's Caves and is the nearest place a helicopter could land, Fenniman and Germer were picked up and flown to a hospital at Jackson, Wyo. The rest spent the day recuperating at the caves. All had frostbitten feet and hands—skin that later turned black and sloughed off—but no limbs were lost. Lester Germer was unable to walk for a month or wear shoes for a year.

Against all odds, the rescue had succeeded. But, as with so many mountain-climbing incidents, there was to be an epilogue.

Faustfinding and might-have-beens are often the aftermath of mountain tragedy, and this one raked up its share of misery. The first controversy arose because the Appalachian Mountain Club had not

continued

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ONE-EYED DEVILS *continued*

followed a federal regulation which requires that all climbers must register before climbs. The Appies had not, and the rangers pointed out that if they had registered the whole tragedy might have been averted because the party would have been warned of the dangers of the route it planned to take. AMC officials maintained they had been told they need not register. A formal hearing was held three days after the rescue, and the AMC admitted an inadvertent error.

That ended the official investigation, and press comment died almost immediately, as the climbers declined to tell the full story. But among mountaineers the discussion has been long, continuing and bitter. The rescuers who had risked their lives to save the Appies denounced them on half a dozen grounds. First, the route Blade had chosen was, they felt, idiotic. No one ever doubted his courage or determination to help his party, but how, it was asked, could anyone with experience take a big group up such a dangerous couloir in such bad weather? And why had Blade persisted in going up when he had fallen impossibly far behind his own careful time schedule? Nor could western mountaineers conceal their contempt for the eastern group's sheeplike behavior in following Blade. As one said, "When Blade took the group up he was one man making one error. When nine people followed him, there were 10 errors."

"What is this thing they have about leaders?" Pete Sinclair has said. "You can't make leaders into little gods. Every member of a climbing party has a responsibility he can't leave to a leader. When we climb we keep the group small, and every man is thinking for himself. If he disagrees with a leader's decision, that leader hears about it—and fast." (This is a view that the AMC has never agreed with. Its requirements for leaders are now more stringent than ever.)

Before leaving the Tetons, Blade wrote a defense of his actions and filed it with the Park Service. He said, in part:

"It is well known that changes in the weather may make profound changes in the difficulty of climbs. . . . I have been on many Teton climbs which were executed almost entirely in rain. Such

climbs have little obvious appeal, yet if party morale is good, the climbers usually obtain great enjoyment from them. . . . There was no reason to suppose that the electrical storms experienced were anything more than local disturbances. . . . On the other hand, the changed weather conditions were enabling the snow on Teepee's Glacier to harden, which would make return over it both more difficult and more dangerous. . . . My strong feelings on this matter go back several years to a previous experience getting a party down this very same Teepee's Glacier when in a hardened condition. . . .

"Therefore . . . I deemed it safer to proceed than to return. First among these factors was the weather, which . . . was disturbed but probably would clear up in a short time. Second was the changing condition of the snow on Teepee's Glacier. . . . Third was the essential weakness of the party traveling on steep snow as compared to its greater security traveling on rock."

Like all the other rescuers, Douglas McLaren, who had been administrative head of the rescue operation, initially refused to comment on Blade or rebut his arguments. However, once a year The American Alpine Club publishes a thin pamphlet called *Accidents in North American Mountaineering*, and there McLaren felt free to express himself. "It cannot be understood," he wrote, "why Mr. Blade did not turn back at the top of Teepee's Glacier when the storms first hit and the party was progressing so slowly. According to his time schedule, the party had spent more time just to get to the top of the glacier than he had allotted for the entire ascent. . . . Blade said that he decided to continue the ascent because of the lack of snow and ice experience, however, if he had studied the route beforehand, he would have been able to see that the amount of snow climbing above him was almost twice what the party had encountered on Teepee's Glacier. It is thought that Blade's qualifications as a leader for a climb of this magnitude were not sufficient to cope with all the unforeseen problems that are involved in this type of climbing. Had Blade been a competent leader, he would

have considered the wishes of the party when several of them suggested turning back at the top of the glacier rather than continuing the ascent in face of the on-coming storm. Nearly all storms in the Tetons leave the rock either ice-covered or wet and change most grade 3 climbs to grade 5 or 6 . . ."

Such condemnation had to be a deep blow to Blade, a man to whom climbing meant so much. But far beyond Blade's ordeal rose the tragedy of Stephen Smith. He was the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Smith of Holden, Mass. It was a close family, and the father, an accomplished canoeist and a member of the August Camp Committee of the AMC, had taught his son a love of the outdoors. The fruits were bitter.

The Smiths wanted their son's body brought home to Massachusetts, but park officials persuaded them that the risk of bringing the body down was too great and that he should be buried on the mountain.

Pete Sinclair, Jim Greig and Rick Horn were called upon to do it. "It was so pitiful," said Horn. "We found the place where Blade, Joyce and Smith had bivouacked the second night. There were paper matches on the ground. We could see that one of them had painstakingly tried to light every match in the book to warm his hands, but the matches were too wet. We took Smith's glasses and camera, and then dropped him into the deep moat at the top of the Otter Body."

The glasses and camera were given to Dave Walton, another Holden, Mass. boy, who was the best friend of Stephen Smith and an equally avid climber. Dave's father had died a decade earlier, and the Smith family had always included Dave in its summer plans. He was virtually part of the family. On the night of the rescue, Walton had been with the group at Petzoldt's Caves, and there he had learned of Smith's death.

Some days later Eric Smith telephoned Walton that he would fly out to pick up Stephen's car. He landed at Jackson, Wyo. on August 20 expecting Walton to meet him. Walton was not there. The day before, he had been climbing in the Tetons. He had fallen 300 feet and had been killed instantly.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Bill Mazeroski surprises people. On his wedding day he surprised his bride when, on a date, he shoved a plug of chewing tobacco into his mouth as he left the church. Exactly two years and two days later the Pirate second baseman almost accomplished the impossible task of leaving Casey Stengel speechless when he homered to beat the Yankees in the seventh game of the 1960 World Series. On the other hand, he has left opposing hitters talking to themselves after turning their sure hits into outs. Last March, though, Mazeroski surprised, nay shocked, new PITTSBURGH (5-1) Manager Harry Walker when he suffered a broken ankle. It was two months before Mazeroski played again. By then all that the Pirates owned was a .235 team batting average, a six-game losing streak and a home in the cellar. The Pirates and Mazeroski lost two more games before they began winning, but then they kept on winning—12 in a row and, after two defeats, another seven straight. When short on hits in one game last week, they won on a bulk. When short on bulks, they won with 19 hits. Could one player lift a team to 30 wins in 23 games, from 10th place to fifth and from 13½ games behind to seven? Mazeroski's teammates think so. "He's as important to us as Mays is to the Giants," Outfielder Bill Virdon says. "To me," says First Baseman Donn Clendenen, "Max at second is like a businessman having a very efficient secretary—he covers up a lot of my mistakes." "When Max returned it was like taking a deep breath—we were finally ready to go," says Vern Law, winner of five straight since Mazeroski came back. The refusal of league-leading LOS ANGELES

(6-2) to collapse has been as impressive as the Pirate snapback. Seventh in scoring runs, the Dodger offense was further weakened when Lou Johnson, filling in very capably for the injured Tommy Davis, fractured his thumb. PHILADELPHIA (5-2) had to do without Bo Belinsky, who learned that he had been pitching for a month with a cracked rib. The Phillies survived. Johnny Callison and Frank Thomas supplied the clutch hits. Chris Short and Ray Herbert supplied the pitching. And Dick Stuart supplied the fielding. Stuart once hurled himself at first base and tagged the bag with his bare hand for the third out that saved two runs. NEW YORK (6-7) extended its winless streak to 10, losing to Juan Marichal of the Giants and to Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale of the Dodgers. SAN FRANCISCO (4-2) was buoyed by three Willie Mays homers, depressed by news that Orlando Cepeda still could not play. Vocalist-Outfielder Lee Maye of slumping HOUSTON (0-6) sang the blues after turning an easy fly into an error that cost a game. Manager Bobby Bragan likened his son, WAUKESHA (5-1) slugger to the 1927 Yankees, and his players had 11 homers and 34 runs during the week to support his argument. ST. LOUIS (2-5) Manager Red Schoendienst complained about home runs. His pitchers allowed 69 in the first 55 games, a record-breaking pace. Only one CINCINNATI (4-3) starter lasted longer than 5 1/3 innings, and only good relief work by Joe Nuxhall and Billy McCool kept the Reds in third place. Commenting on the Cubs' 4-13 slump, Ron Santo of CHICAGO (3-4) said, "It's making a man out of me."

AMERICAN LEAGUE

CLEVELAND (4-4) Manager Birdie Tebbetts had something up his sleeve or, rather, up the sleeve of Minnesota Pitcher Jim Kaat. In the ninth inning of a game he was losing 1-0, Tebbetts protested successfully to the umpires that Kaat had a distracting and illegal hole in the sleeve of his sweat shirt. The game was held up while the shirt was trimmed above the hole. Kaat then walked Rocky Colavito, gave up a home run to Max Alvis and lost 7-1. "The thing I like about this club is its quiet confidence," said Tebbetts, after taking three of four games from the first-place Twins. Then his Indians lost three in a row to last-place KANSAS CITY (4-3). During the week the A's got complete-game wins from John O'Donoghue, Fred Talbot to shutout against the Indians and Roland Sheldon. They also got a key bunt and a home run from Jim Landis in their most successful week of the season. "The breaks are starting to go our way," said NEW YORK (4-2)

Manager Johnny Keane. "Now I believe we're ready to make our move." The Yankees made a few moves around the Newark airport while waiting for a flight and wound up with \$750 in fines for whistling, drinking and wounding the Yankee image. Dean Chance of LOS ANGELES (2-4) was found to be suffering from a "tremendous" abscess. After his sixth poor performance in a row, Chance was sent to the doctor for treatment, then to the bullpen for recuperation. BOSTON (1-6) Patcher Jerry Stephenson complained of a sore arm, but when Manager Billy Herman saw the Lardner-esque Stephenson pick up a crazy ball in practice and throw it more than 400 feet on the fly he began to wonder. Used in relief, Stephenson pitched well. Few other Sox pitchers did, however, and that, coupled with a .216 team batting average, cost the Red Sox. Wally Bunker of BALTIMORE (4-2) had an 8.68 ERA before being given a shot of cortisone. Then he pitched 31 1/3 innings and completed an 0.57 ERA. After being felled by a drive off the bat of Don Lock, WASHINGTON (3-4) Manager Gil Hodges said, "That's the hardest I've hit a ball all year." Lock hit a grand-slam homer that night, another homer the next day. CHICAGO (16-2) Manager Al Lopez was angry for a time with a few of his players. But after his club won four of five games he was all smiles again. MINNESOTA (3-5) won a doubleheader from the Tigers when Jimmie Hall hit a 10th-inning sacrifice fly in one game and a 12th-inning triple in the other. DETROIT (4-3) got solid hitting from Al Kaline and Willie Horton, and thinking Manager Charley Dressen must have thought of something, because the Tigers won a Sunday game after 10 Sabbath losses in a row.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING*

NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Runs		RBIs		ERA		
LA	3 with	30	Faust	25	Johnson	21.6
MI	Mathews	24	Mathews	26	Aaron	22.7
Co	Rola	43	Johnson	39	Clemens	34.9
ST	Mays	42	Mays	46	Mays	33.7
PH	Clendenen	26	Stengel	38	Clemens	32.2
Phil	Alvis	37	Calvin	37	Alvis	32.0
SL	Floyd	34	Bray	30	Flood	32.2
Wash	Wynn	34	Aspinwall	27	Aspinwall	20.1
Ch	2 with	24	Banks	30	Banks	31.0
NY	Lewis	34	2 with	29	Kanegill	31.6

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Mon 2 with	29	Cone	26	Hall	32.8
Ch 3 with	30	Sheldon	28	Ward	31.1
Balt Aparicio	30	Batters	28	Robinson	30.4
Clev Wagner	38	Colavito	38	Colavito	30.9
St 1 with	15	2 with	26	Horton	30.7
LA Garfield	37	Schoof	26	Garfield	30.4
NY Trish	34	2 with	26	Trish	29.4
Bos Genco	42	Marble	45	Jones	30.0
Wash McMillen	34	Howard	43	Howard	29.7
KE Grant	37	2 with	25	Landis	31.4

*through June 12

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



Bill Mazeroski

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

YANKEE DIVISION

Sirs:

I like your magazine very much, except for the fact that your predictions are too premature. Take, for example, the Chicago White Sox. When the Sox coked out two of three games from the "third division" Yankees you named them in the team to beat and did your best to minimize the importance of the game the Yanks won (*A Different Kind of Season*, June 7).

A week later the high-flying Sox came into town ready for action, and what happens? They get elobbered. In the first game Bill Stafford shuts them out for 10 innings. Although the Yanks lost in the 15th, his performance was of tremendous importance. In the second game the Yankees won 4-3. The third and fourth games weren't even games. The "weak" Yankee staff allowed the Sox six runs (one unearned) in 43 innings. The Yanks got 22 runs off "the best staff in baseball." Now who's the team to beat?

JOEL ALLIN

New Orleans

Sirs:

You people should put Mr. Lopez of the White Sox on your staff. He, at least, will admit that the Yankees are not dead. I think Ford, Mantle and Co. proved that in New York a couple of weekends ago. Nice try, guys, but it will take more than an article in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to keep the Bombers down.

BILL MILLER

Annapolis, Md.

● For further discussion of the Yankees, see page 20.—ED.

LOW BRIDGE

Sirs:

Being a student of bridge and a once-frequent tournament player, I was not appalled by the revelations of Buenos Aires (*Four-finger Exercise*, June 7). The fact that a personal idol, Mr. Terence Reese, was involved, is another matter.

Would an accusation of this sort be made in an international situation unless positive evidence were available? Mr. Reese's denial is, naturally, his only course of action. An admission of guilt on his part would constitute economic suicide as a bridge teacher and author.

ROBERT L. BRENT, M.D.

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Bridge players seldom have idols, but if I had one it would certainly be Terence Reese. No matter what he did—play, write, edit, commentate—it had a certain amount

of class and style. And now this. Say it ain't so, Terence.

J. D. MEDHAN

Allison Park, Pa.

ROUND TWO

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the wonderful coverage of the Clay-Liston fight (June 7). I thoroughly enjoyed the articles by Tex Maule and Jim Murray.

I was especially pleased that someone tried to report the match as he saw it and didn't try to do a lot of second-guessing. The reason for all the protest was the supposed invincibility of Liston. Let's face it, he was a slow and plodding fighter, and Floyd Patterson, although a nice guy, was dumb (at least in those two fights).

Come on, let's give credit where it's due. Cassius Clay fought two darn good fights.

ED MULLICK

Lansing, Mich.

Sirs:

May I congratulate Ed and Tex Maule on exceptional coverage of the Clay-Liston fight? I was one of the fortunate ones to see the "punch," as I had a 10th-row seat. But, try as I might, I could not convince anyone else of what you finally proved in your excellent sequence of photos.

RICHARD ORANSKY

Portland, Me.

Sirs:

Jim Murray's appraisal of the Clay-Liston debacle (*The Drubbing*, June 7) is spicy and in keeping with his highly entertaining manner of reporting sports events. Murray could have mentioned the fact that Liston lost the Miami event sitting down, the Lewiston affair on his back, and the only new way he can lose a big match—assuming he ever gets another chance—is to fail to show up.

WADI H. RAMSEY

El Centro, Calif.

Sirs:

Jack Dempsey, in 81 matches, won 49 by knockouts. Gene Tunney, in 76 matches, lost only once. Joe Louis successfully defended his title seven times in one year, winning all but one by knockouts and fighting a total of 55 rounds. We have seen seven rounds of Muhammad Ali in two years, and these rounds have left many unanswered questions. Yet Tex Maule states, "Clay may be now—and certainly can be in time—the best heavyweight ever." With that statement he throws sportsmanship and hard work right out the window.

CLARKE SCHATZLE

Bloomington, N.Y.

Sirs:

Never before in the history of sport have so many paid so much for so little.

The recent one-act play involving Sonny Liston and Cassius Clay has discouraged this faithful fan from ever again spending money to see a heavyweight championship fight.

When we buy a ticket to an Eagles game we are promised 60 minutes of football, no matter what, the quality may vary but the quantity is certain. Win or lose, racehorses are expected to go the route. Boxing guarantees only that the principals will appear in the ring and will stay there for at least 10 seconds after the opening bell. Floyd Patterson lingered for some two minutes in his first fight with Liston and made more money than the average workman does in a lifetime. Yet I submit to you, he did not "earn" it. He did the same thing on the second occasion, and we paid him again. Liston ended his maiden affair with Clay in a somewhat more wakeful posture (sitting), and he remained in the ring for a respectable time. But even this dubious improvement was short-lived. On the night of May 25 Liston made the ticket-buying public look more foolish than Patterson had at his worst.

Let me urge that this folly end here by making one very practical proposal, a boxing boxer who does not finish a bout should be paid only for the rounds he has fought in, i.e., he should receive but a fraction of the normal purse. The fraction should be based on the round when the fight actually ended (numerator) over the projected term of the fight (denominator). For example, Liston would be thus entitled to only $\frac{1}{10}$ of the purse he will in fact receive. Who can say he earned more?

TERRY McGINISNY

Yeadon, Pa.

Sirs:

I feel that one-round world heavyweight championship fights are unfair, not only to boxing patrons, but to the participants as well. I would like to suggest the possibility that, during the early stages of a fight of such importance, following many months of arduous training and anticipation, the fighters may be so overcome with emotion that they are near the point of collapse and that, under such conditions, just a light tap to the jaw would be sufficient to drop them to the floor. Perhaps a medical study might verify this hypothesis and, if so, the boxing officials should be urged to consider means to reduce the probability of a knockout until the boxers have had sufficient time to work through this initial emotional state. One suggestion which comes immediately to mind is that during the first two or three

continued



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rounds the buster he required to wear heavy gloves and/or headgear and then, later, switch to the usual championship gloves.

H. SNEYR

Stockton, Calif.

COACH'S COACH

Sirs,

It was with a great deal of interest that I read your recent article on the life and times of Arnold (Red) Auerbach, coach of the Boston Celtics basketball team (*This All Box When Red Sets Down*, April 5). However, it occurs to me that your readers might also be interested in a few additional comments about Red from his high school basketball coach.

I should say first that Red needed very little coaching. He was bred in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, which was then a hotbed of basketball, and thus became a keen student of the finer points of the game.

In those early days as coach at Brooklyn's Eastern District High School (about 900 boys) my main concern was coaching track daily in the gym, while the basketball team, such as it was, more or less coached itself. It was not until the early 1930s, when Red was there, that I started coaching basketball with a great deal of enthusiasm—as any new teacher would.

Auerbach and I began to discuss basketball every day in order to improve our lot. It is my recollection that we were the first team in Brooklyn to use a revving-zone defense. It started as a 2-1-2 and shifted with the offense planned by our opponents. By then Arnold was the center of our zone, and I gave him full credit for planning the play as the game progressed. Red was a great feeder, a good shot and was great as the legal block—either with or without the ball. He had great maneuverability and was usually several thoughts ahead of his opponent. We took advantage of our small court, and we were soon beating Boys' High School, Thomas Jefferson High School and finishing near the top every year.

Prior to this time my boys had never received athletic scholarships to colleges, since few colleges had even heard of us. With the advent of Auerbach and better teams, I was able to get some of our players to LIU, St. Francis, NYU, and Red to Seth Low Junior College, at the time coached by Gordon Ridings. From Seth Low Red went to George Washington University where Bill Renshaw was coaching. Now I get a terrific kick out of watching Red on TV as he coaches the Celtics.

I had to retire five years ago when arthritis caught up with me, and I get around very little nowadays. I only regret that I've lost all contact with my players, and I sometimes wonder whether it was worth the effort.

SAM MARON

Bogota, N.J.

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Queen Lizzie Plays First Base

by JOHN HANLON

One of summer's sporting wonders in New England and eastern Canada in the 1920s and early 1930s was the appearance and performance of Lizzie Murphy as first baseman on men's baseball teams barnstorming the region.

Early in her life and profession Lizzie put aside her Christian name of Elizabeth and was billed variously as "Spike" Murphy, "the best woman baseball player in the country," "The Queen of Baseball," or, simply and as she preferred it, just "Lizzie." That was the name she had emblazoned in large letters on the blouse of her singular touring uniform. The name of the team, whatever it happened to be, was of less interest to the public than her own. When at business, Lizzie wore her reddish-blond hair wound tightly around her head and tucked up under her peaked cap. She was a tallish, tomboyish 5 feet 6 inches tall, and her playing weight was 120 pounds. In the field she chattered constantly in the fashion of ballplayers who possessed the old vinegar.

Only her fame and the name on her blouse, rather than a mincing, feminine approach to the game's demands, set Lizzie apart from her teammates. Lizzie could field, throw and run with any man among them. Her only shortcoming was a perhaps understandable lack of power with the bat.

At first, when Lizzie started barnstorming New England with Eddie Carr's All-Stars of Boston in the early '20s, the ever present wowers protested Manager Carr's exploiting a woman in such fashion. Carr did not check his swing in replying

"She swells attendance, and she's worth every cent I pay her," Carr said. "But most important, she produces the goods and, all in all, she's a real player and a good fellow." "No ball is too hard for her to scoop out of the dirt, and when it comes to batting, she pocks a mean wagon tongue."

Back where Lizzie came from—Warren, R.I., a small town on the eastern shore of Narragansett Bay—there was no quarrel with these ultimates of Carr's, except he didn't go far enough. Warren felt that Lizzie was all of them and more—a veritable female Frank Merriwell.

Her older and only brother, Henry, to this day claims that no boy Lizzie's age on the east shore could keep up with

her on ice skates. She also was an excellent swimmer. Her background was French on her mother's side, and she spoke the language fluently—if Canadian-style. (Once in a game in Canada, Lizzie overheard the opposition's first-base coach unsuspectingly giving the steal signal in French. Lizzie called time, set up a code with her catcher and flashed it each time a runner was to be sent down. "Nailed five of them that way," she said proudly.)

Lizzie also won local renown as a long-distance runner, dabbled in soccer and was proficient on the violin. But her

preoccupation, hobby and passion remained baseball. Brother Henry started her at it, playing catch. Her mother fretted about it and her father, a mill-worker and baseball player himself, encouraged Lizzie, thinking it a tomboy's interest that would pass. He underestimated his Lizzie.

"When I was at an age when kids threw stones at cats and hens," Lizzie said, recalling once her indoctrination into the sport, "I guess I hit the mark as often as any of the boys. When I got a little older, I would join the boys playing one o' cat."

Around the age of 12 she was put to work in one of Warren's then flourishing woolen mills.

"But I was always dreaming of the outdoors and baseball," Lizzie said of her time before the looms. "Even then, when I was too small to play, I used to beg the boys to let me carry the bats. Finally, I was allowed to join the team for only one reason: I used to 'steal' my father's gloves and bats and bring them along, so I was a valuable asset to them when I could furnish some of the equipment."

Almost from the start Lizzie's performance in the scrub games was so good that she soon was the premiere choice of the team captain with first picks. By the age of 15, she was playing with such amateur clubs as the Warren Silk Hats and the Warren Baseball Club and was on her way.

There was one hesitancy along about the age of 18. Lizzie came to the familiar crossroad reached by most athletically able young ladies: the time when they must decide whether to continue at games or become proper girls.

"I about decided that baseball wasn't a game for a girl and that I'd quit," Lizzie said, shortly after facing that critical junction. "But then I went to look at one of the games. It just made me crazy to take a turn at the bat and line one out."

The verdict was for baseball, and thereafter her career went along full tilt, starting on a paid professional basis on a Warren semipro team. Starting, that is, after a significant one-game delay.

In Lizzie's first appearance with that particular team the customary hat was passed among the spectators, and the



LIZZIE HAD THE OLD VINEGAR

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rather large sum of \$85 was returned. Not without cause, Lizzie felt her presence had contributed to both the attendance and the contributions. However, so the tale goes, when it came time to divvy the pot, Lizzie was somehow "overlooked" and received nothing.

The team manager, though, was sufficiently aware of Lizzie's impact to remember to book the team into Newport, just down the road, for the following Saturday. With Lizzie as an attraction and all those sailors handy, he figured on a bonanza.

All week long before the Newport engagement Lizzie came to practice, taking her workout with the team, saying nothing about finances. On Saturday morning, with interest running high at Newport, Lizzie became, without much doubt, baseball's first woman holdout. She simply told the manager as the club gathered for the trip, "No money, no Newport." The manager quickly capitulated for a sum of \$5 per game, plus an equal share of the collection.

Lizzie moved into relatively bigger money when she joined a team called the Providence Independents about 1918 and began touring southern New England. She made still more money when the All-Stars of Boston took her on a few years later.

With the latter club Lizzie made her forays into Canada, playing as many as 100 games a season. She never did reveal how much money she made, but a portion of her take came from her practice of going into the stands and hawking a picture postcard of herself in uniform. She once admitted to making \$22 from between-innings work on a crowd of less than 1,000 at Worcester, Mass., and always said afterward that Worcester was just about her favorite town. But she also said that from a crowd of 6,500 at Dorchester, Mass., she gleaned less than \$50. She was inclined to be bitter about Dorchester after that.

Money wasn't everything with Lizzie. She often said later that she considered the touring an education and an experience, and anything but a chore.

"I was always rough and ready, and I could take it," she maintained. "I got in shape beating rugs and chopping wood. This kept me fit for running the bases and driving the ball to the outfield."

Traveling the countryside with a group of young males was never a problem either, she said. "Of course they cursed

and swore," she said, "but I didn't mind. I knew all the words myself."

Lizzie considered her competitive peak came in a charity game, just a couple of innings long, played in Boston between the Red Sox and a collection of major leaguers going under the working title of the American League All-Stars—with Lizzie Murphy at first base. It was during that contest she displayed the baseball skill of which she was most proud; namely, her ability to handle anything that came her way. The third baseman on her own team that day was the one who—for spite, Lizzie always suspected—put her quickly to the test.

"The first man up hit to him at third," she said, "and he held onto the ball as long as he could and then gunned it across. What an arm! I fooled him, though, and handled the ball easily. He went over to our shortstop and said, 'She'll do.' What he didn't know was that I liked fast ones better than slow."

In 1935, at the age of 40, Lizzie put aside her uniform, retired to Warren and two years later married a nonbaseball player. Her husband met an untimely death a few years thereafter, and Lizzie took to various and modest ways of making a living for herself and her mother. She worked at the mills for a time and for a number of years went on the oyster boats then working out of Warren. Obviously there was very little money around from her baseball days and, perhaps partly because of that, she seemed to sour on the game in her later years.

"It's hard to explain why I liked baseball so much," she once said gravely to a visitor seeking her reminiscences. "And the more I think about it the less I understand the reason."

She died on April 17, 1964, at the age of 79. Occasionally, in her last years, someone would try to revive her interest in baseball. Once she was asked to take part in the dedicatory festivities for a Little League, and Lizzie's reply was, "I don't want any part of it." Again, some friends and admirers planning a testimonial dinner on her behalf thought it wise to ask Lizzie whether if so honored she would attend. "I would not," she told them firmly.

She declined, her friends decided, because of pride and because she never did go much for frivolities. It also might have been that at the time they asked her she was thinking of that day in Dorchester, Mass.

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